

Dean Whitcomb



FEATURE

COMICS

243

OCTOBER

No. 61 70c





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HERE IT IS!

POLICE COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER
No. 13



THE SPIRIT



MANHUNTER



CHIC CARTER



#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



RUBBER
Salvage
COLLECTION



Starting
PLASTIC MAN
THE INDIA RUBBER
WIZARD WHO
BOUNCES, BENDS
STRETCHES, SHRINKS

WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS

TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT
PLUS MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

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AN UNSCRUPULOUS
DAUGHTER OF SATAN
BRILLIANTLY CONCEIVES
THE STRANGEST ROBBERY
OF ALL TIME.. 'WHO DARES
TO STORM HE.. FORTRESS
AND PENETRATE THE
SWAMP OF DEATH??
ONLY THE DOLL MAN !!!

IN THE HALL OF THE INSTITUTE
OF SCIENCE...

I PRESENT THE
RENOWNED
PHYSICIST,
MADEMOISELLE
DE MORTIRE!

I KNOW YOU GENTLEMEN
ARE ANXIOUS FOR A
DEMONSTRATION
OF MY
HYDROCATH-
ARSIS RAY..
MY ASSIST-
ANTS ARE
PREPARING
IT..

STEP IT UP! QUICKLY..

MADEMOISELLE!

BUT WAIT..

UH..



INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE? I WANT TO TALK TO PRESIDENT KEEN..



DR. ROBERT'S ASSISTANT? OH, PLEASE, MR. DANE.. COME OVER RIGHT AWAY..



YOU SEE.. PRESIDENT KEEN..

HI, GATES.. WHAT'S BOILING ON THE FRONT BURNER?

HE'S IN THE SAME STATE.. WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?



THE OTHERS? NOT UNTIL THE FOLLOWING EVENING ARE THEY ALL ROUNDED UP...



BUT WHY ARE WE HERE?

WHO AM I?

YOU'RE DR. KWIK-MIND.. THE EXPERT IN..

OH, I'M AN EXPERT.. HOW PLEASANT.. ASK ME A QUESTION, DO!



THIS IS GHASTLY.. DARREL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!

THE ONLY ONE WHO WASN'T FOUND WANDERING THE STREETS OR UNCONSCIOUS IN A LABORATORY WAS MADEMOISELLE DE MORTIRE..



NO ONE IN HER APARTMENT??

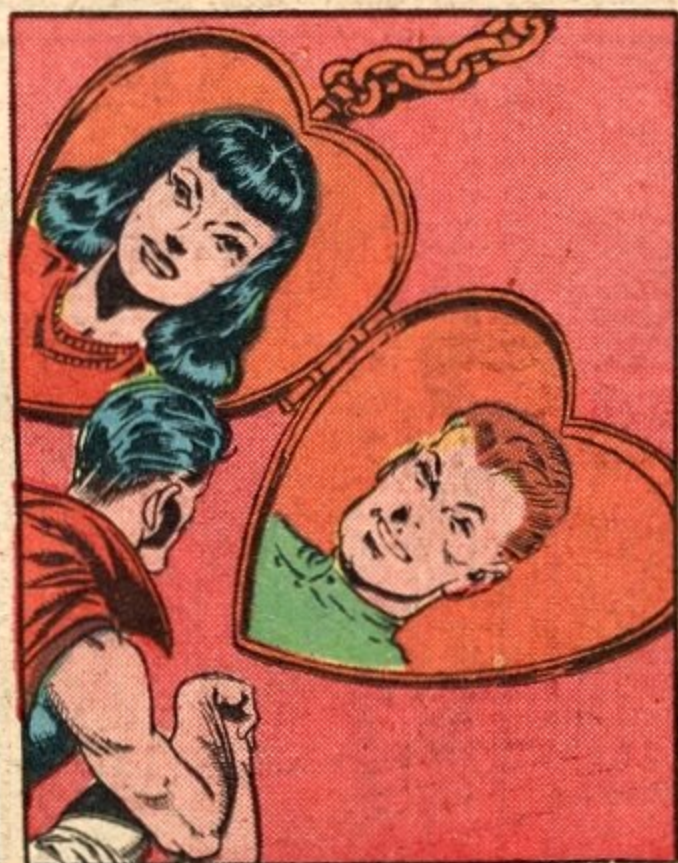


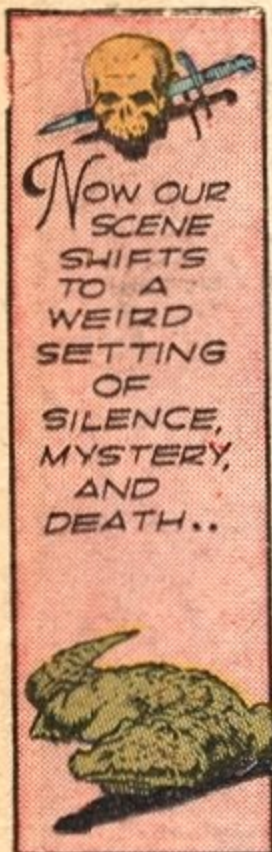
THEN!..



THIS IS A JOB FOR THE DOLL MAN..







NOW OUR
SCENE
SHIFTS
TO A
WEIRD
SETTING
OF
SILENCE,
MYSTERY,
AND
DEATH..

WHY DO THE FROGS DIE
IN THE MIDST OF THEIR
LEAPS OVER A CERTAIN
STEAMING SWAMP???



WHY DO MEN, MANY
MILES AWAY, WHISPER
IN WONDER AT THE
SHAFT OF LIGHT THAT
SHOOT'S FROM THE
HEART OF THE SWAMP??



WHY ARE THESE MEN
WORKING NIGHT AND
DAY COPYING WORDS,
WORDS, WORDS??



THE ANSWER..M'LLÉ.
DE MORTIRE.!

STEALING THEIR MINDS!
HAH! I WAS ONLY
SAVING TIME.
I COULD HAVE
CONCEIVED
THEIR IDEAS
MYSELF,
BUT LIFE
IS TOO
SHORT..



WITH THEIR
COLLECTIVE
WORK I SHALL
BECOME THE
GREATEST
SCIENTIST
OF ALL TIME
..NATIONS
WILL BOW
TO ME..



WHO IS
IT?

M'M'SELLE,
I MUST
SPEAK..



ALL THESE MONTHS
I HAVE WORKED
FOR YOU..MY
LOVE HAS GROWN
..I CANNOT LIVE
WITHOUT...



FOOL! GET BACK TO
YOUR WORK..NO MAN
CAN LOVE ME..



THERE IS NO PLACE
IN MY LIFE FOR LOVE..
MEN!! THE SCOURGE
OF CIVILIZATION..



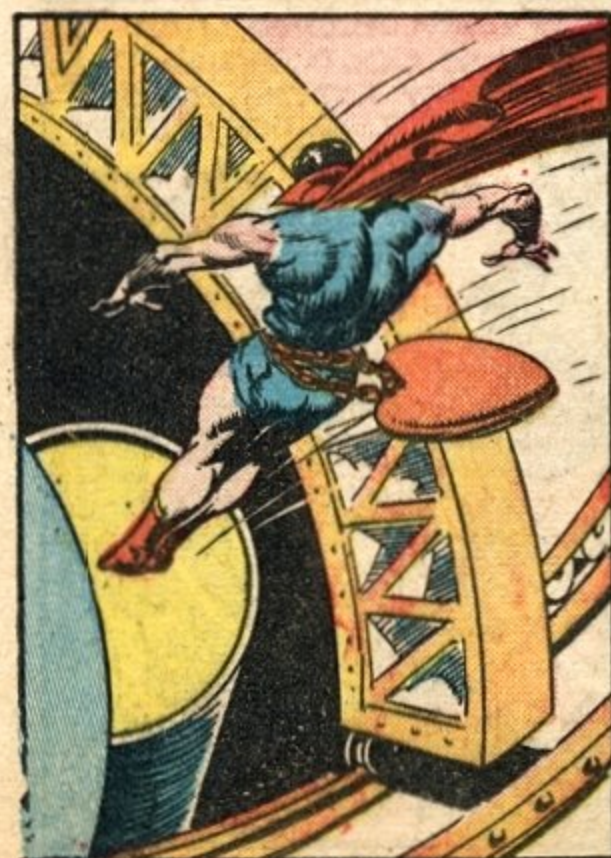
I AM ALONE LIKE
THE COLD, BRIGHT
LADY MOON,, SHE
AND I ALIKE, SCORN
THE WORLD
OF MEN..



MEANWHILE.. THE DOLL MAN RIDES A STEED OF THE NIGHT...



DEAD FROGS! THE SWAMP IS POISONED! THAT'S HOW SHE GUARDS HERSELF..











Mlle. DE MORTIRE,
MY DEAR.. YOUR
SISTER HAS CRUELLY
DECEIVED YOU.. SEE..
YOUR STEPHAN WAS
A HERO!

OH!

SOB.. SOB..
I UNDERSTAND IT
NOW.. BECAUSE
SHE IS SO HIDEOUS
SHE COULD NOT STAND
TO SEE ME
HAPPY!!

I AM NO
HERO,
YVETTE..
BUT I
WOULD
LIKE TO
TRY TO
MAKE YOU
HAPPY..

YOU
ARE
KIND..

ER.. I DON'T WANT
TO INTRUDE.. BUT
WHAT ABOUT
THOSE SCIENTISTS
WHO ARE WAN-
DERING ABOUT
EMPTY-HEADED?

THAT VERY EVENING...

THE RAY HAS RETROACTIVE POWERS
..WHEN APPLIED A SECOND
TIME... SEE.. THEY ARE
COMING OUT OF IT!!

WHAT?
HAVE I
BEEN
ASLEEP?

SOMEONE
MUST HAVE
ADMINISTERED
A PORTION
OF FINN
MICHEL-
ORUM!!

THE POISON IS DRAINED FROM THE SWAMP..

IT WAS FINE OF YOU
TO DONATE YOUR
LABORATORY AND
ENTIRE STAFF
TO SCIENCE!!

OH, DON'T, PLEASE..
WHY THEY EVEN THANKED
ME FOR PRINTING
PAMPHLETS OF THEIR
WORK.. THEY DON'T
KNOW I HAD MY
NAME REMOVED FROM
THE TITLES!!

IT WON'T BE
HARD FOR ME
TO **LOSE** MY
HATRED
FOR
MEN..

HMM.. SHE'S REALLY
DEVELOPING INTO A LOVELY
WOMAN.. WITH CHARM
AND A BRAIN LIKE THAT..
AND WHAT A
FIG'..

DARREL!

THAT SECRETARY
IS ONE LUCKY
MAN!!

HMM.. IT
WON'T BE HARD
FOR ME TO
FIND A
HATRED
FOR
MEN!!

BIG TOP



BAH!
LOOK
AT ME!

I'M SICK O' BEIN'
A SAD FOR A
LIVIN'!

LOOKIT
THEM
FOOLISH
FALSE
FEET!



IT'S THE WELL-GROOMED
MAN WHO WINS! REMEMBER
IT'S THE BEST-DRESSED MAN
WHO GETS THE BIGGER JOB!
EMPLOYERS PICK ONLY THOSE
OF FAULTLESS
ATTIRE FOR POSTS
OF DIGNITY AND
DISTINCTION



I'LL ACT
ON THAT
TIP RIGHT
NOW

DRESS
SUITS
TO
HIRE



HAVE 'EM
BACK
BY SIX
P.M.!

BY SIX P.M. ...
I'LL BE BACK
AND BUY YOUR
STORE!



THIS
BUILDING
LOOKS
IMPORTANT
ENOUGH!



I'LL TRY
THIS OUTFIT
FIRST...

...AND
FAREWELL
TO
FEET!



SORRY, MY MAN - NOTHING
OPEN IN THE
EXECUTIVE LINE AT
PRESENT - NOT
EVEN A VICE-
PRESIDENCY!



BUT I'LL CONSULT OUR
BOARD OF DIRECTORS ABOUT
A NEW POST I THOUGHT OF
CREATING -- WAIT RIGHT
HERE!

YES,
SIR!



THE VERY MAN, GENTLE-
MEN, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR ----- ETC. ETC.



CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY!
YOU'RE PROMOTED TO OUR
PROMOTION DEPT. EFFECTIVE
AT ONCE! BEEPO PRO-
DUCTS WILL GIVE YOU
EVERY CHANCE TO
MAKE GOOD



BECKY
IS
AWAY!

TRY
BEEPO
FOR
BUNIONS

Big Top



THE CIRCUS
HAD A NICE
CROWD TODAY AND
THAT BOX OFFICE
LOOKS LIKE
EASY PICKINGS!

AND SO
TO WORK!

FER MIKE'S
SAKE-WHERE DA
GET IT? DROP
THAT THING,
DYA HEAR!

FER DITY'S SAKE
DON'T STOP,
CLEO! HE LOVES
DANCIN' AN' IT
TAKE HIS
MIND OFF
TRIGGERS!

BUT I CAN'T
KEEP IT
UP FOR
EVER!

PLEASE GIMME
THE GUN, MCJOCKO.
PRETTY PLEASE!

WHAT
GOES
ON HERE?

ALL I
KNOW
BOSS,
IS HE'S
GOT THE
DROP ON
THE
BUNCH
OF US!

BUT
MUST HE
TAKE MY
TROUSERS,
TOO?

HE FANCIES 'EM,
BOSS, AND BETTER
PANTSLESS THAN
LIFELESS!

REACH FER DA RAFTERS,
HELLO - DIS IS A
STICK-
UP!

WHERE'S
ME GUN?
SOMEBODY
SWIPED
IT!

STAR!
DERES
CROOKS
ON DIS
LOT!

WHAT
TH-?

WHO LET THAT
HERO MONK OUT
AND SAVED ME THOUSANDS?
WHY, THERE AINT ANY
THING TOO GOOD
FOR HIM!

WHY,
ER-
DID
BOSS!

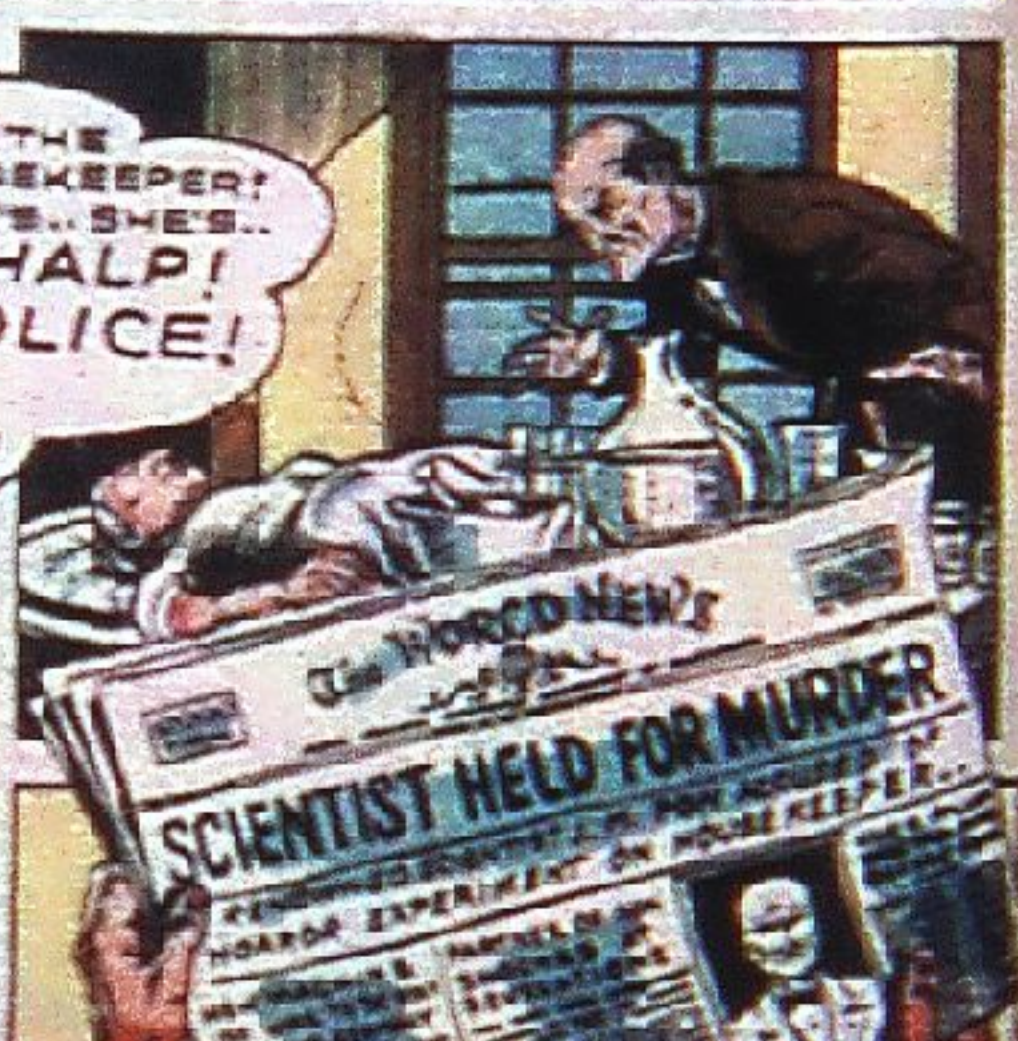
JUST A
CHUMP
FOR A
CHIMP-
ATS ME!

HERO MONK
McJOCKO
GENIUS APE
WHO
CAPTURED BANDIT

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE
By Noel Fowler

RESTLESS SPIRITS TOSS IN THEIR GRAVES AND SHUDDERING MOANS FILL THE AIR WITH THREATS OF DESTRUCTION TO THE LIVING. FORCING ZERO TO TAKE MEASURES TO COMBAT THE INVISIBLE MENACE.



WEEKS LATER, THE TRIAL OF THE SCIENTIST BEGINS...



MR. WINDSOR, DIDN'T YOU AND YOUR PARTNER, PON, EXPERIMENT ON REINCARNATION OF THE DEAD?

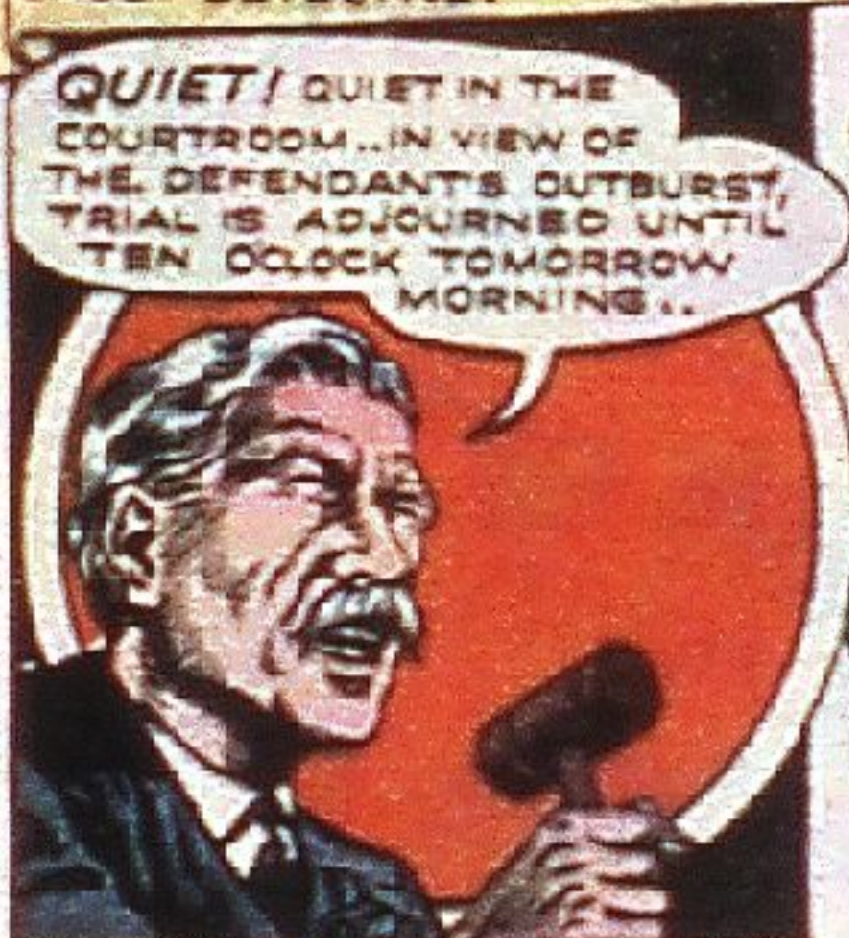
WELL, YES, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE WOULD STOOD TO MURDER JUST TO...



NO! NO! I DIDN'T KILL HER... IT'S A LIE! I DIDN'T...

CHRON, YOU SIT DOWN!

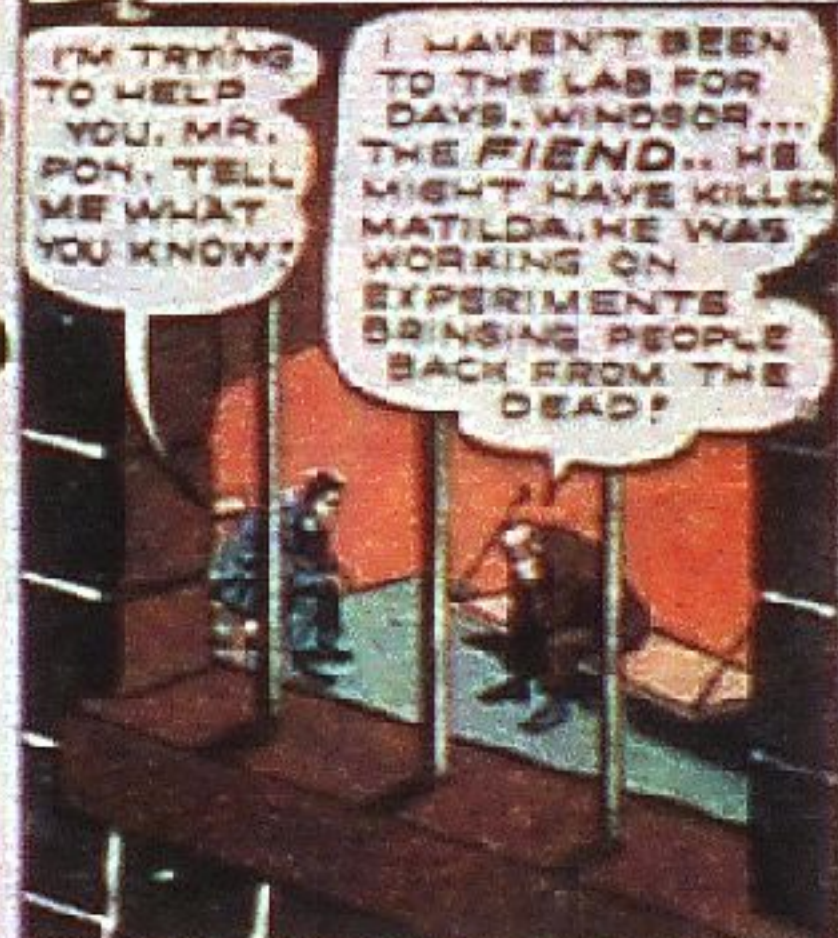
AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR AT THE TRIAL, IS THE FAMOUS GHOST DETECTIVE.



QUIET! QUIET IN THE COURTROOM... IN VIEW OF THE DEFENDANTS OUTBURST, TRIAL IS ADJOURNED UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING...



REINCARNATION EXPERIMENTS, EH? I THINK I'LL PAY PON A VISIT!



I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, MR. PON. TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW?

I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE LAB FOR DAYS, WINDSOR... THE FIEND... HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED MATILDA. HE WAS WORKING ON EXPERIMENTS BRINGING PEOPLE BACK FROM THE DEAD!



WINDSOR... HMM... IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, I'LL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO CLEAR YOU... JUST SIT TIGHT, MR. PON!



I'M INNOCENT, MR. ZERO... BELIEVE ME... I SWEAR IT!

MR. WINDSOR IS ABOUT TO HAVE A VISITOR... HOPE HE'S GLAD TO SEE ME.



WILL YOU TELL WINDSOR ZERO IS CALLING?

THE MASTER IS BUSY JUST NOW. WILL YOU WAIT IN THE LIBRARY?

WELL, WELL! A PARROT! SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE BOTHERING IT... IT LOOKS KIND OF JUMPY!

SQUAWRRK SQUAWK!



CAN CAN!

THERE'S SOMETHING OR SOMEONE IN THIS ROOM... BUT I CAN'T SEE IT!



AH! MR. ZERO, YOU'RE PROBABLY HERE ON MY PARTNER'S BEHALF. I FEEL SORRY FOR JOHN, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!

BUT... MR. WINDSOR...



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. JUSTICE MUST TAKE ITS COURSE. I'M VERY BUSY, SIR. GOOD DAY!

THE BIG WIND BAST!



I THINK I'LL HANG AROUND AWHILE. THAT PARROT... IT'S STILL ACTING UP!

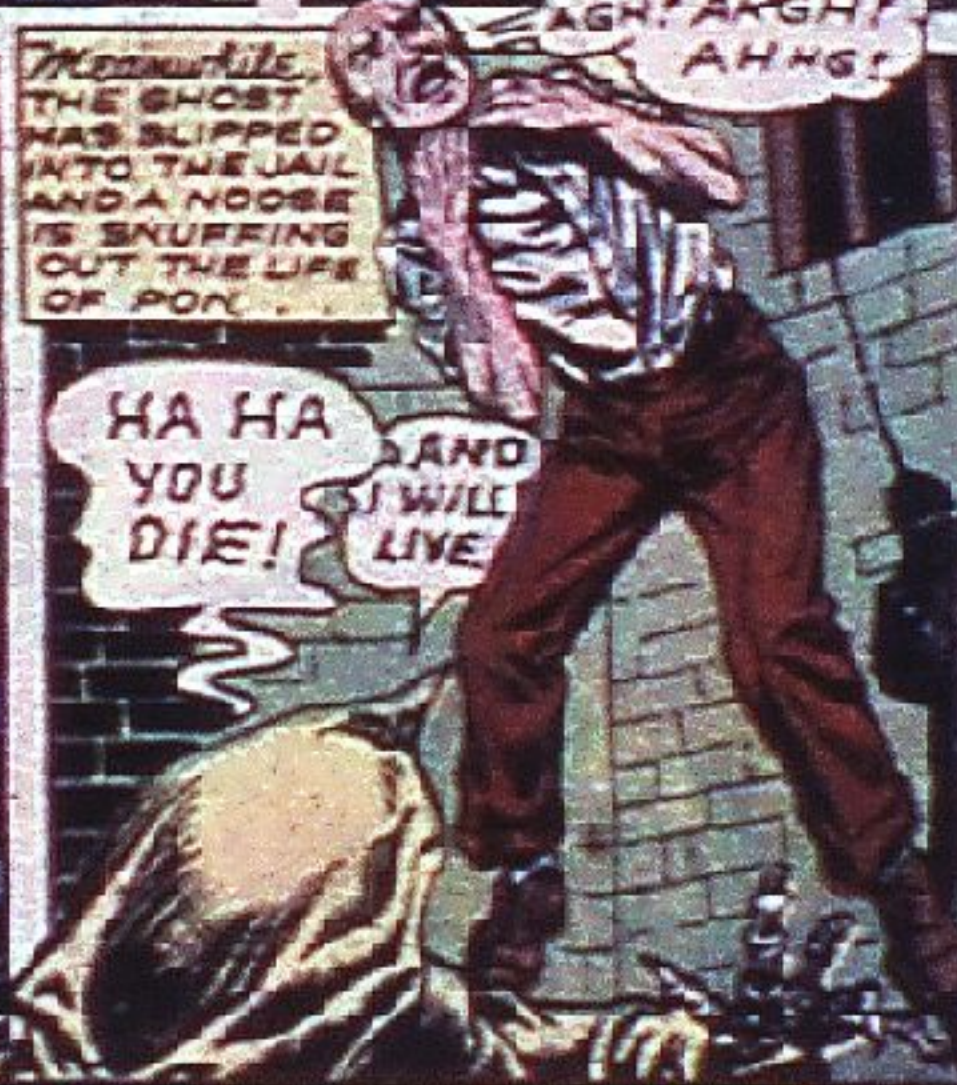
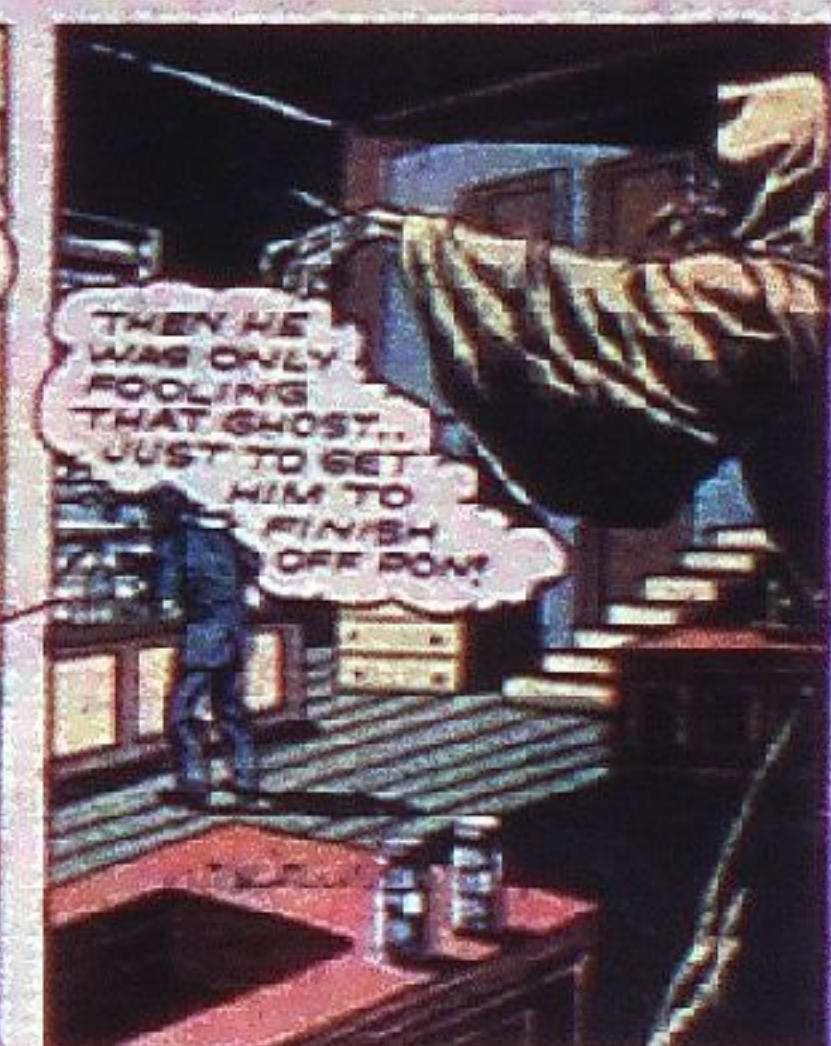


SUDDENLY, ZERO SEES A GHOST DRIFT INTO THE ROOM.

GLAD YOU CAME! I THINK I CAN BRING YOU BACK TO THE LIVING. BUT FIRST... FOR A FAVOR, TAKE CARE OF MY PARTNER! HIS LOOSE TONGUE MAY GIVE OUR SECRET AWAY!

I WILL DO IT!

SO... YOU WOULD GIVE ME AWAY... I'LL BREAK YOUR FOOLISH NECK!





Another Zero mystery in the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

THE SPIDER WIDOW

AND THE RAVEN



LOOK, RAVEN!
THE ENTIRE
ARMY IS
FOLLOWING
US!

I WISH I
COULD FORGET ABOUT
THIS "RAVEN", WHOEVER
HE IS YET IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM
I'D BE IN A NAZI
CONCENTRATION
CAMP BY NOW!



LOST THESE THOUGHTS DIANNE GRAYTON, THE MYSTERIOUS "SPIDER WIDOW", BUSIES HERSELF ABOARD THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS AS IT ROARS INTO THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY OF THE EAST COAST.

SEATED ACROSS FROM HER IS AN EQUALLY PREOCCUPIED YOUNG MAN.

I THOUGHT
SURE I'D FIND OUT
WHO THE SPIDER WIDOW
IS BEFORE I LEFT NEW
YORK. I DON'T SUPPOSE
I'LL EVER SEE HER
AGAIN.



LOST IN HER REVERIE, DIANNE DOES NOT NOTICE THAT HER MAGAZINE HAS SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR — UNTIL A HALF DOZEN SOLDIERS LEAP TO RETRIEVE IT...



I GOT IT!

I GOT IT!

OH!

I GOT IT!

I GOT IT!

I GOT IT!

SO THEY BOTH SIT STARRING OUT THE WINDOWS, OBLIVIOUS OF THE FACT THAT EACH IS THINKING OF THE OTHER!



THANK YOU, BOYS,
I---

MY
NAMES
JACK!

MAE'S
BILL!

I'M
JOE!

FRANK!



OH-SORRY,
BUDDY
DID WE
CROWD
YOU
OUT?

QUITE
ALL RIGHT,
SOLDIER.
NOT BAD.
IS SHE?



... MIGHT AS WELL
FIND ANOTHER SEAT.
THOSE BOYS'LL BE
THERE FOR THE
DURATION!



SUDDENLY—

CRASH



WHAT A COLLISION!
LOOKS LIKE THE
EASIEST WAY OUT
IS THROUGH THIS
WINDOW!



HOW TO FIND
OUT WHAT'S THE
CAUSE OF THIS
CRACK-UP!



WHAT IN THE
BLAZES — I'VE
BEEN SEEING
TO MANY NAZI
MOVIES... THIS
CAN'T BE
REAL!



EVERYBODY
OUT!
AND PUT UP
YOUR HANDS!

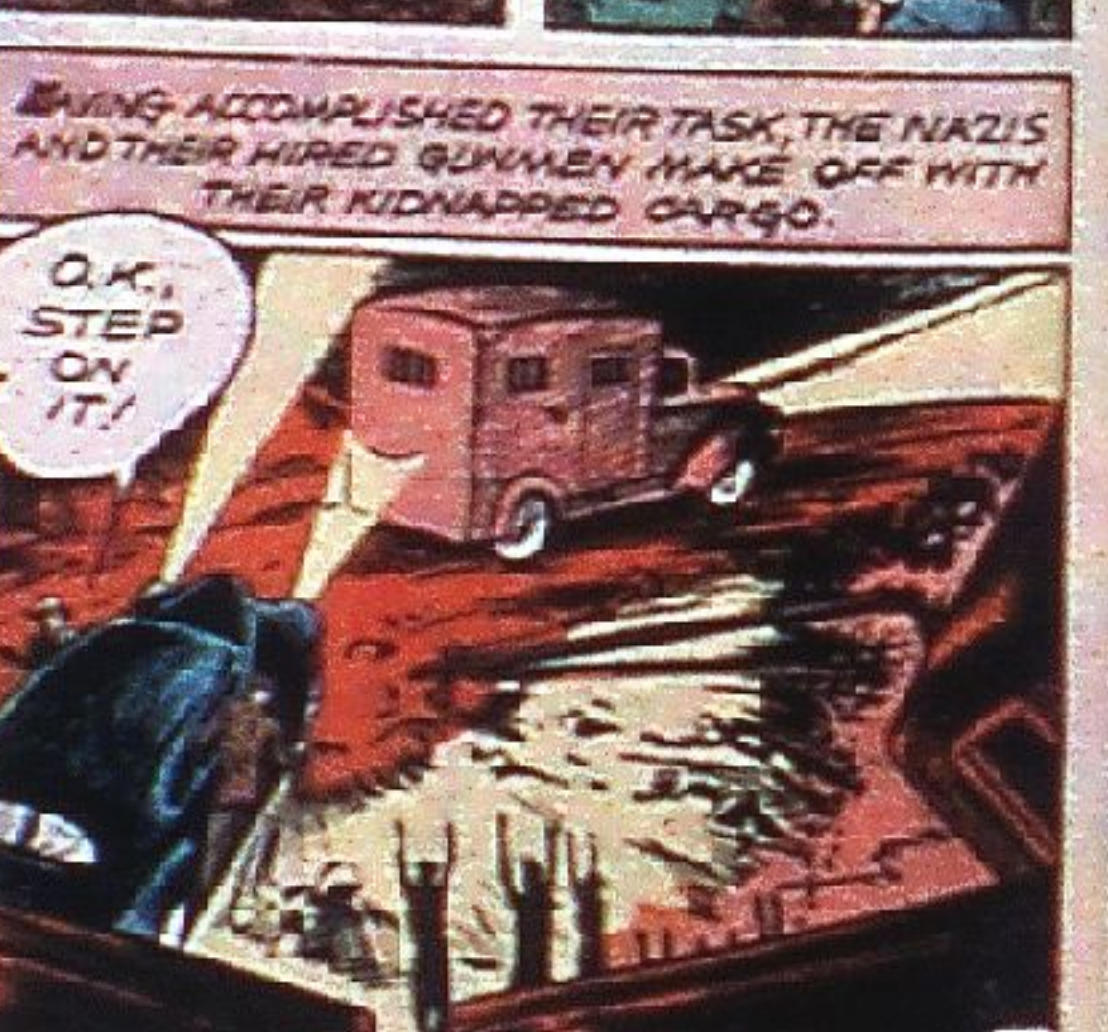


THE REASON FOR THIS
SABOTAGE AND HOLD-UP
BECOMES OBVIOUS AS
THE GUNMEN FERRET
OUT THE IMPORTANT
GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS,
WAR MANUFACTURERS,
AND MILITARY OFFICERS
FROM THE OTHER
PASSENGERS.

GET
IN
HIT!



HERE, TAKE THIS
ONE ALONG TOO,
— JUST FOR FUN,
HA-HA!



HAVING ACCOMPLISHED THEIR TASK, THE NAZIS
AND THEIR HIRED GUNMEN MAKE OFF WITH
THEIR KIDNAPPED CARGO.

O.K.,
STEP
ON
IT!

BUT AS THE TRUCK PASSES
THE UPTURNED WRECK OF
A FULLYMAN CAR.....



THE RAVEN
JOINS THE PARTY!



SOME TIME LATER

THEY'RE TURNING
INTO THE WOODS
NOW. THIS MUST
BE THEIR
HIDEOUT!



ALL RIGHT, YOU
CAN GET OUT NOW.
THIS IS WHERE YOU
ARE GOING TO
STAY FOR SOME-
TIME TO COME!



IN HERE!
COME ON,
COME ON!
YOU STUPID
PIGS!



NOT YOU, LOVELY
ONE, YOU WILL
SERVE ME AT
SUPPER TONIGHT!



OWWW!
PLEASE,
YOU'RE
HURTING
MY ARM!

A GALLANT
COLONEL COMES
TO DIANNE'S AID



WHY
YOU-

— AND IS
PROMPTLY SHOT.

THAT'S JUST TO
SHOW YOU I
MEAN
BUSINESS!



NOW-
COME
HERE!



YOU LITTLE
X-S-X-S-X-S



LIKE A BOLT OF
THUNDER,
THE RAVEN
SHRIEKS DOWN
OUT OF THE
INKY HEAVENS!







LOOK! IT'S THE WHOLE
BLESSED ARMY OUT
ON MANEUVERS!

HALT!

THE COMMANDING OFFICER
HEARS THEIR STORY...

WE'VE BEEN NOTIFIED
OF THE WRECK. WE
ARE MOBILIZED
TO ROUND UP
THE GANG
NOW!



O.K. ARMY,
WE'LL TAKE
YOU RIGHT
TO THEM!!

PROCEED!

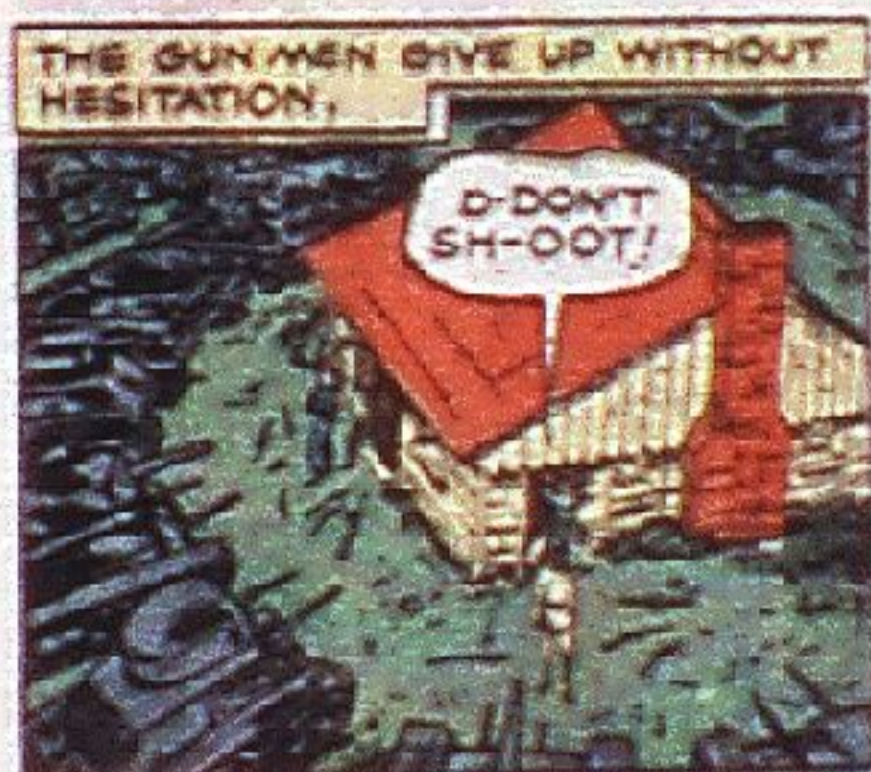


CHARGE!

OH BOY-O-BOY!!!
THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE
WANTED TO DO EVER
SINCE I WAS A
LITTLE KID!



DIVIDE YOUR
FORCES AND
SURROUND
THE CABIN!



THE GUN MEN GIVE UP WITHOUT
HESITATION,

D-DONT
SH-OOT!



THE NAZI LEADER
HOWEVER, TRIES TO
ESCAPE VIA A
HIDDEN EXIT.



BUT IS
IMMEDIATELY
RETRIEVED BY
THE RAVEN!

GOTCHA!



BUT I DONT
WANTCHA!

OOF!



AND WITH THAT THE
RAVEN AND THE
GIRL KNOWN AS
"THE SPIDER WIDOW"
RIDE AWAY.



NOW WHO IN THE BLAZES
WERE THOSE TWO?
THIS IS GOING TO
SOUND REDICULOUS
WHEN I MAKE-OUT
MY REPORT!

WILL
DIANNE
FIND OUT
WHO
THE
RAVEN
IS?

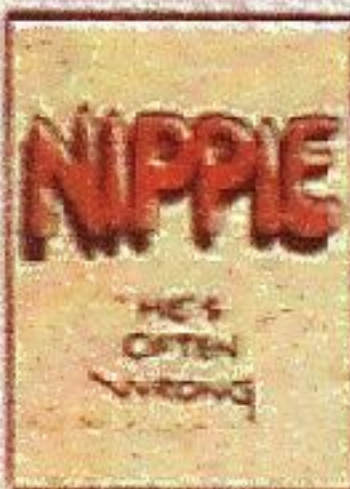
The Spider Widow appears in each and every issue of FEATURE COMICS.



MICKEY FINN

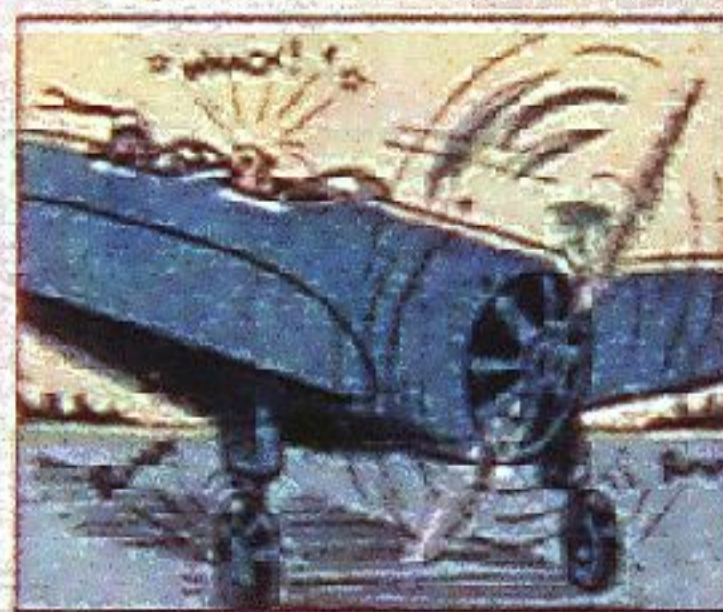
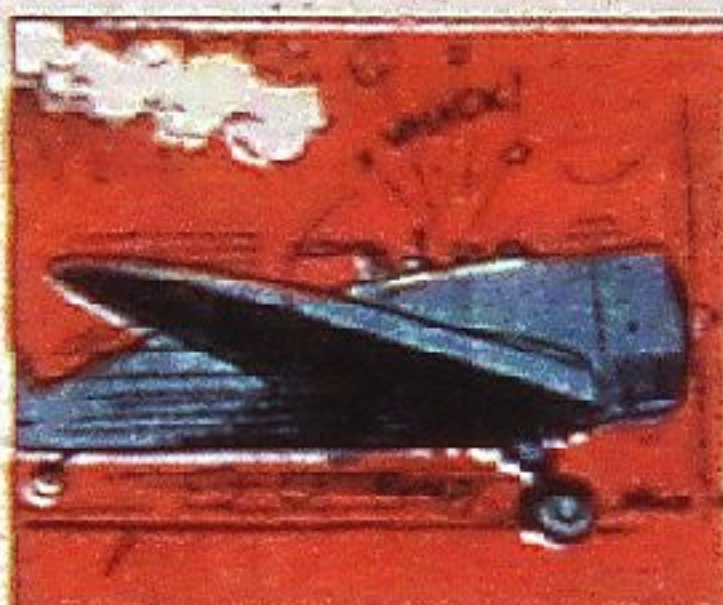
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
GIVEN
WRONG

SEE NIPPIE—
AREN'T WE
GONNA HIRE
A BATH HOUSE?

NO! WE'LL DRESS
UNDER HERE AND
SAVE THE MONEY
FOR ICE CREAM

WE MIGHT
GET ARRESTED
—IT'S AGAINST
THE LAW TO
DRESS ON
THE BEACH—

SHARPE
COPE DON'T
SEE US
THEY'RE A
BUNCH OF
DUMB BELLS

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO MR. MINTMORE
IS STILL IN TOWN,
IS HE, MICKEY?

YEE TOM— HE SAID HE'S
HAVING SUCH A GOOD
TIME WITH UNCLE PHIL
HE WATES TO GO BACK
HOME! THEY WENT TO
THE RACES TODAY!

I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T WELL, I'VE GOT THE
KNOW AN MUCH ABOUT WINNER IN THE
HORSES AS YOU THINK! NEXT ONE, MR.
PHIL— YOU HAVEN'T MINTMORE! IT'S
PICKED A WINNER—
YET!

SARLEYCORN! YOU
WAIT HERE WHILE I
GO DOWN TO THE
PADDOCK AND LOOK
HIM OVER!

WELL, HELLO,
BONSTOCK! I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE CRUISING
ON YOUR YACHT!

WELL, WELL! MINTMORE!
I'M HERE TO SEE ONE OF
MY HORSES RUN—
FRANKY IN THE NEXT RACE
—GET DOWN A GOOD BET
ON HIM! HE CAN'T MISS!

IS THAT
SARLEYCORN?

YEAH— BUT HE AIN'T GOT
A CHANCE! "GOLDBRICK"
IS GONNA WIN
THIS NEXT
RACE!

WHAT
MAKES
YOU SO
SURE OF
"GOLDBRICK"?
MY WIFE'S SISTER IS GOING
AROUND WITH A BARTENDER
WHO IS A PERSONAL FRIEND
OF THE JOCKEY'S COUSIN—
THEY'VE BEEN RONTING FOR
THE RACE FOR WEEKS!
IT'S IN THE BAG!

I DON'T LIKE THE
WIFE, SARLEYCORN!
LOOK, MR. MINTMORE!
SO I'VE CHANGED MY
MIND— WE'LL BET ON
"GOLDBRICK"— NO \$!

NO, PHIL! WE'RE BETTING
ON "FRANKY FRANKY"
THE OWNER IS AN OLD
FRIEND OF MINE, AND
AND HE JUST TOLD
ME IT'S A SURE THING
HERE'S \$100— GET IT
DOWN AND WE'LL SPLIT
50-50!

NOW LET'S SEE— DID
HE SAY "FRANKY FRANKY"
OR "FRANKY FRANKY"? OH,
YES— I REMEMBER!

BUT PHIL! THIS
IS A TICKET ON
"FRANKY FRANKY"
— I SAID
"FRANKY FRANKY"

WHAT?
THEY'RE
OFF!

O-O-O-OH!
HOW COULD I
HAVE MADE A
MISTAKE LIKE
THAT?

WELL, FORGET IT, PHIL!
I CAN AFFORD TO LOSE
THE \$100— LET'S
WATCH THE
RACE!

BY JUNE, PHIL— WE'D
HAVE LOST ANYWAY!
A GREY HORSE IS
GOING TO WIN—
NO. 6!

NO. 6?

STAND
BACK!

GIVE HIM
AIR!

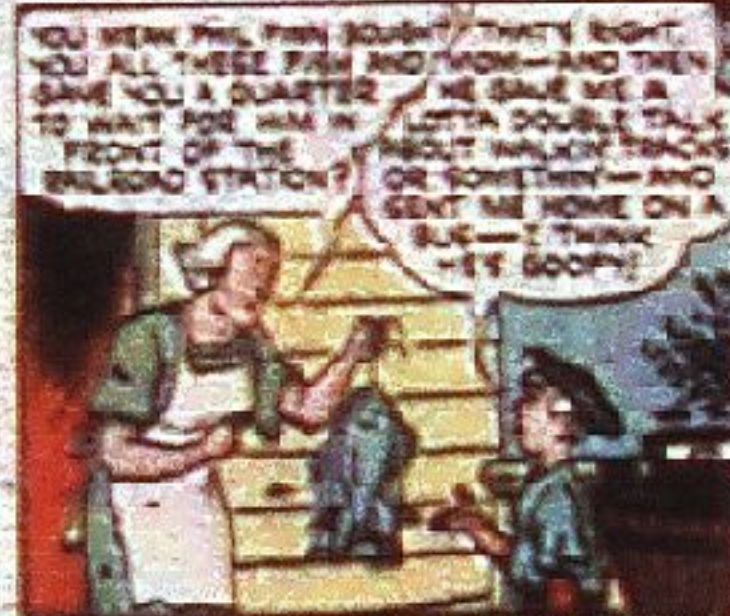
HOW DID YOU HAPPEN
TO PICK A LONG SHOT
LIKE "FRANKY FRANKY"?
PHIL? YOU SURE
ARE LUCKY!

WHAT'D I HAVE
LUCKY! I'M A STUDENT
OF FORM CLANCY,
AND I KNEW HE WAS
DUE TO WIN TODAY!



MICKEY FINN

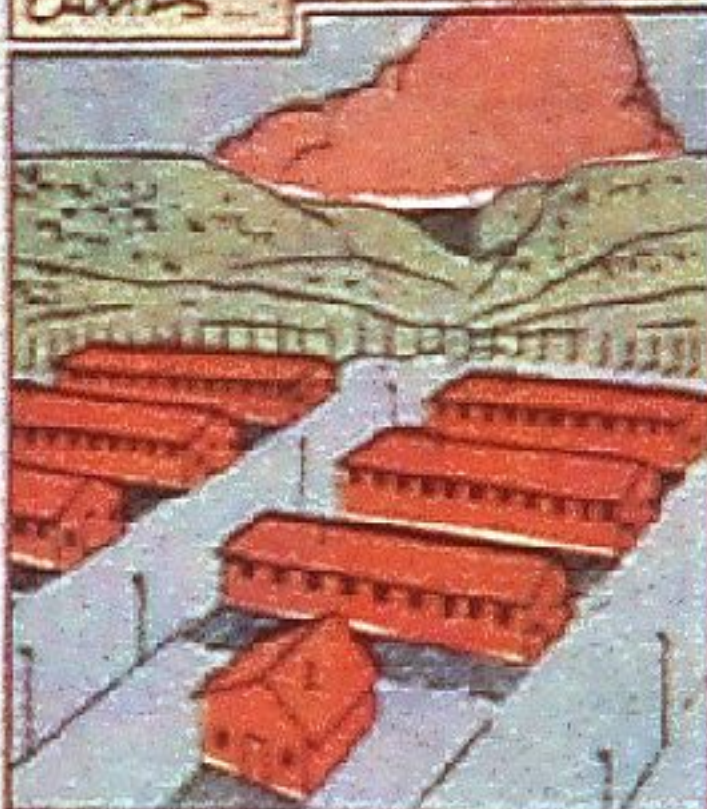
By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 25th.



SOMEWHERE NEAR THE
BORDER, NAZI SEAMEN
ARE INTERNED IN ONE OF
THE U.S. CONCENTRATION
CAMPS...



BUT ALL THAT IS
FOUND... A JAGGED
HOLE IN THE BARBED
FENCE...



POSSIES ROAM THE MESAS.

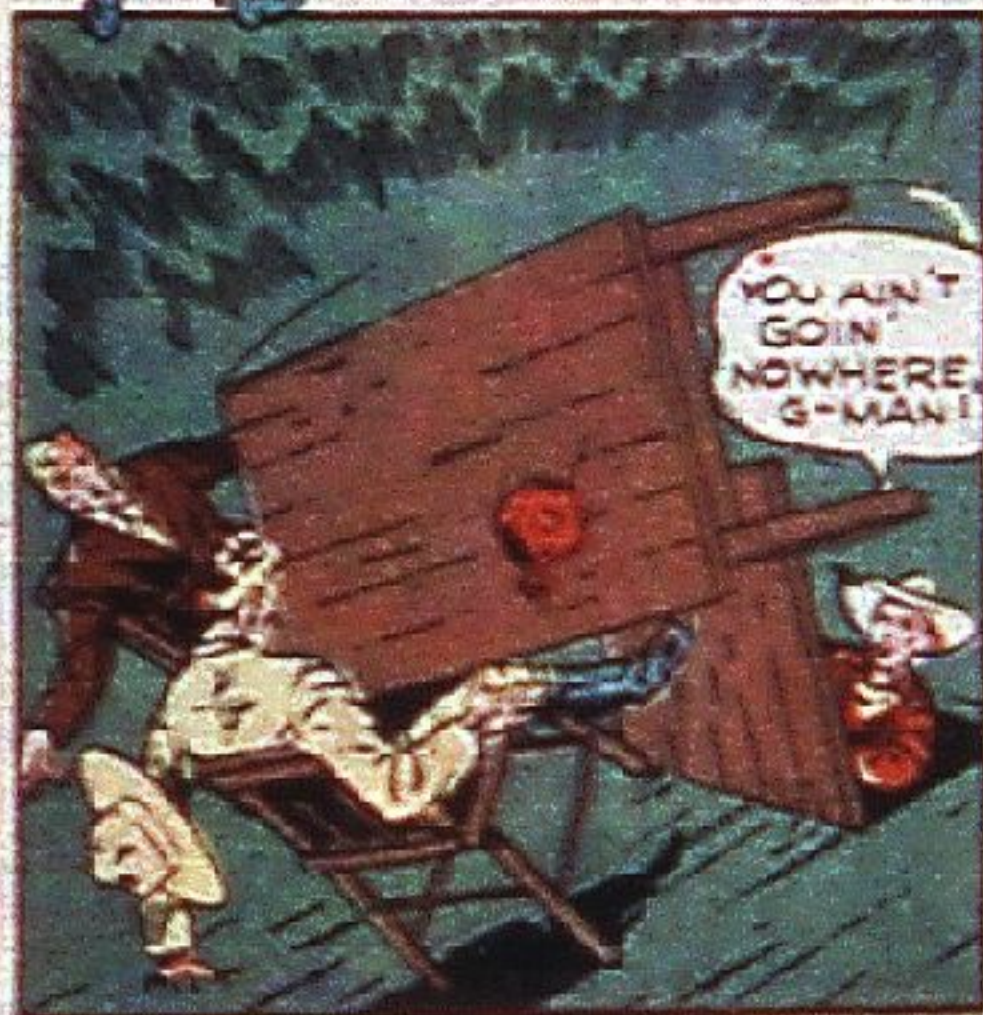


NOT TILL THREE DAYS
LATER DOES WORD
REACH THE FARGO KID...



HE SPURS INTO ACTION
AT ONCE...







BUT THE FARGO KID'S BEEN PLAYING POSSUM. SUDDENLY HE LET'S FLY WITH ALL HE'S GOT.



I DON'T NEED A SHAVE, BUT YOU GUYS NEED A TRIMMIN'!!



WISE GUY, EH? WELL, I AIN'T LAUGHIN'!!



AND AS FOR YOU G-MAN... G STANDS FOR GONE WITH THE WIND!



PHEW! LILACS!



YOU CAN'T SMELL ME UP LIKE A DUDE AND GET AWAY WITH IT!!



JOE GETS THE FINISHING TOUCHES



JUST AS I THOUGHT, THEIR GAME IS SMUGGLIN' SPIES ACROSS THE BORDER AND HELPING PRISONERS ESCAPE... AND HERE'S A LIST OF THEIR COLLEAGUES THAT LL INTEREST THE F.B.I.!!



WHEN EVERYTHING IS IN THE HANDS OF THE AUTHORITIES...

I BETTER MAKE FOR THE WIDE OPEN SPACES TILL I SMELL LIKE A MAN AGAIN.

LILACS PHEW!

Don't miss the next installment of The Fargo Kid next month in FEATURE COMICS





Enjoy Lala Palooza and Vincent again in the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

Swing Sisson

PHIL
MARTIN



Bandleader Swing Sisson takes his band on a tour of army posts, but guns and fists are the instruments used for American defense music...

A CHARTERED PLANE SPEEDS SWING AND HIS BAND TO SEATTLE...



OH, OH! AND THERE GO THE LIGHTS!
IT'S A BLACKOUT, BUT LOOK!



A LARGE FIRE ON A HILLSIDE BURNS BRIGHTLY...



AT THE ARMY AIRPORT
AFTER THE "ALL CLEAR"
SOUND...

THAT FIRE
YOU REPORTED WAS
THE WORK OF ENEMY
AGENTS! WE MUST
ALL BE ON THE ALERT
FOR SABOTAGE!

LATER THAT EVENING:

A FINE GROUP OF MEN,
EH, SWING?

NONE
BETTER!

U.S.O. DANCE



AFTER
THE
DANCE
...

THERE GOES THE
AIR RAID ALARM
AGAIN!

EVERYBODY
OUT!!



FUNNY! THE PEOPLE IN
THIS HOUSE ARE
CERTAINLY SLOW
ABOUT TURNING
OFF THEIR LIGHTS!

I HOPE
THEY'RE
FRIENDLY!



NO, YOU CAN'T
COME IN!
SCRAM!



THE DOOR IS SLAMMED
IN THEIR FACES...

SOMETHING'S
PHONEY HERE!
LET'S CRASH
IN!

OKAY,
SWING!



JUST THEN...THE DOOR
OPENS...

SINCE
YOU INSIST,
COME IN!!



INSIDE:

SO
YOU'RE WORRIED
ABOUT OUR
LIGHTS?

AND
I'M
GONNA
PUT YOURS
OUT NOW!



THAT'S WHAT
I MEAN BY
"LIGHTS OUT",
MISTER!

UGH!



THREE OTHER MEN RUSH IN FROM ANOTHER ROOM...

SO YOU AMERICANS ARE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, EH?

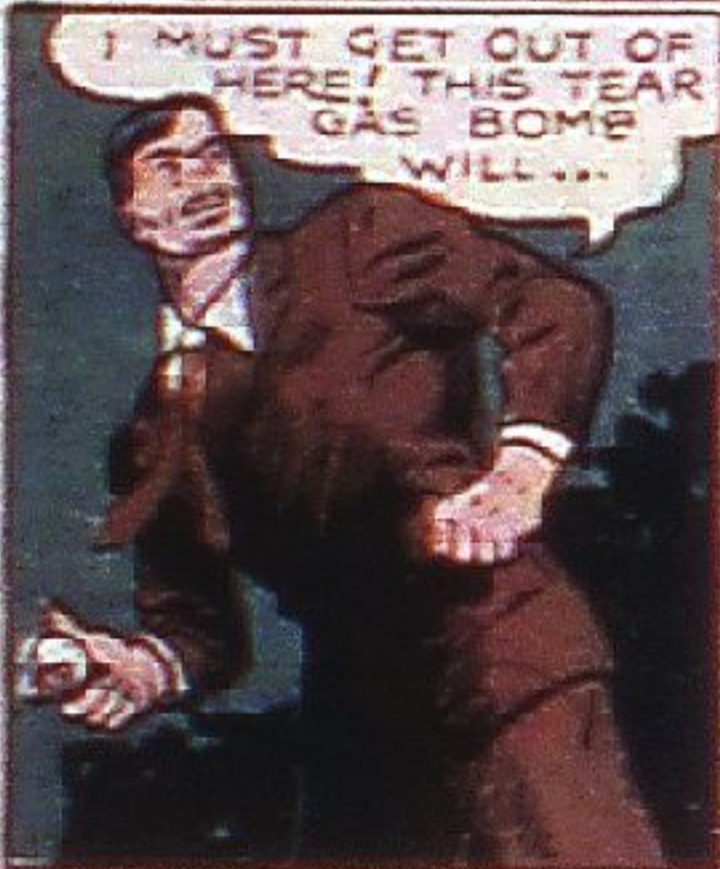


HERE'S HOW AMERICA HANDLES RATS!



THE ENEMIES ARE TAKING A BEATING WHEN SUDDENLY....

I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! THIS TEAR GAS BOMB WILL...



CLOUDS OF GAS FLOAT OVER THE ROOM...

DON'T LET ANYONE GET AWAY!



BUT THE ENEMY AGENT MAKES HIS EXIT THROUGH A WINDOW....



THE TEAR GAS FORCES THEM OUTSIDE... BUT THE FOREIGN AGENTS ARE CAPTURED... ALL EXCEPT...

THERE HE GOES!

YEAH! AND IN MY CAB!



THEY RE-ENTER THE HOUSE AS THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDS...

I'LL CALL THE ARMY POST!



ALL I CAN FIND ARE SOME RADIC CLIPPINGS!



A LITTLE LATER...

THEN THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND ALL THIS?

RIGHT, SWING! WE MUST BE ON THE ALERT!

NEXT DAY IN A DOWNTOWN HOTEL...

...AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO ESCAPED!

GET INTO THAT FAKE UNIFORM, FRITZ. WE STRIKE TONIGHT!

SOON...AS BONNIE SITS IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...

WHY--- THAT'S THE NAZI WHO ESCAPED!

OUTSIDE:

THIS PHONEY'S UP TO SOMETHING! I'LL TRAIL HIM!

RADIO CLIPPINGS! RADIO STATION! I WONDER....

INSIDE THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

I'LL HAVE AN IMPORTANT NEWS BULLETIN TO READ AT 7 O'CLOCK!

THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!

AS THE NAZI LEAVES THE OFFICE, BONNIE ENTERS.

YOU MEAN HE ARRANGED FOR A 7 O'CLOCK NEWS BROADCAST? MAY I USE YOUR PHONE?

THANKS, MISS BAXTER.... WE'LL BE PREPARED!

REJOINING SWING AND TOBY, BONNIE TELLS HER STORY...

I GET IT! THIS BROADCAST IS TO PANIC THE NATION!

YOU MEAN LIKE THAT ORSON WELLS "MARS" BROADCAST?



AFTER THE FOUR ARE CAPTURED.



RESISTING THE AMERICAN OFFICER'S COMMAND, THE NAZI IS SHOT...



A HOTEL KEY! ROOM 813! MAYBE



AT THE HOTEL AFTER THE ROUND-UP OF NAZIS AT THE RADIO STATION...



IN ROOM 813! THAT TAKES CARE OF ANOTHER NAZI!



LOOKS LIKE THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND, CAPTAIN!



AT LAST SOMEBODY HAD TO RESCUE SWING Sisson!

NEXT DAY AT THE ARMY POST...



"O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."



Tune in on Swing Sisson each month in FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

BY GILL FOX

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THE REWARD MONEY POISON MAKES CATCHING CROOKS? LET'S FIND OUT.

HERE'S YOUR \$10,000 REWARD FOR CAPTURING "ROTTEN" TOTTEN, POISON!

THANKS, I COULD USE SOME CHANGE!



LEAVING THE POLICE STATION, POISON HEADS FOR AN ICE CREAM PARLOR.

VANILLA! O BOY!



ICE CREAM PARLOR

VANILLA ICE CREAM SPECIAL TODAY!



ONE VANILLA ICE CREAM CONE!

LET'S SEE... AT 5 CENTS A CONE, MY \$10,000 WILL BUY ME 200,000 VANILLA CONES! I HOPE THEY DON'T SPOIL MY APPETITE!



WHOOEE! THIS IS A BLACKOUT!



HEY! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A BLACKOUT?

YEAH, SO WHAT?



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! THAT'S WHAT!



HEY! WHAT'D I DO?!

THERE HE WAS ILLUMINATING THE WHOLE STREET WITH A VANILLA ICE CREAM CONE DURN' THE BLACKOUT!



DON'T YOU KNOW ONLY CHOCOLATE CONES ARE ALLOWED DURING A BLACKOUT?!

Poison Ivy comes to you in each issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS

OF THE MOUNTED

by
L. D. Ray

WITHIN THE WALLS
OF THE DUSTY, OLD
FORTRESS, THE FATE
OF A CONTINENT
RESTED UPON THE
BROAD SHOULDERS OF
SERGEANT REYNOLDS
AND HIS TRUSTED
FRIEND AND GUIDE,
FLATFOOT CHARLIE.



THAT'S
AN OLD FORT
BUILT WAY
BACK IN
1600—FULL
OF GHOSTS
BY NOW—
HA—HA!

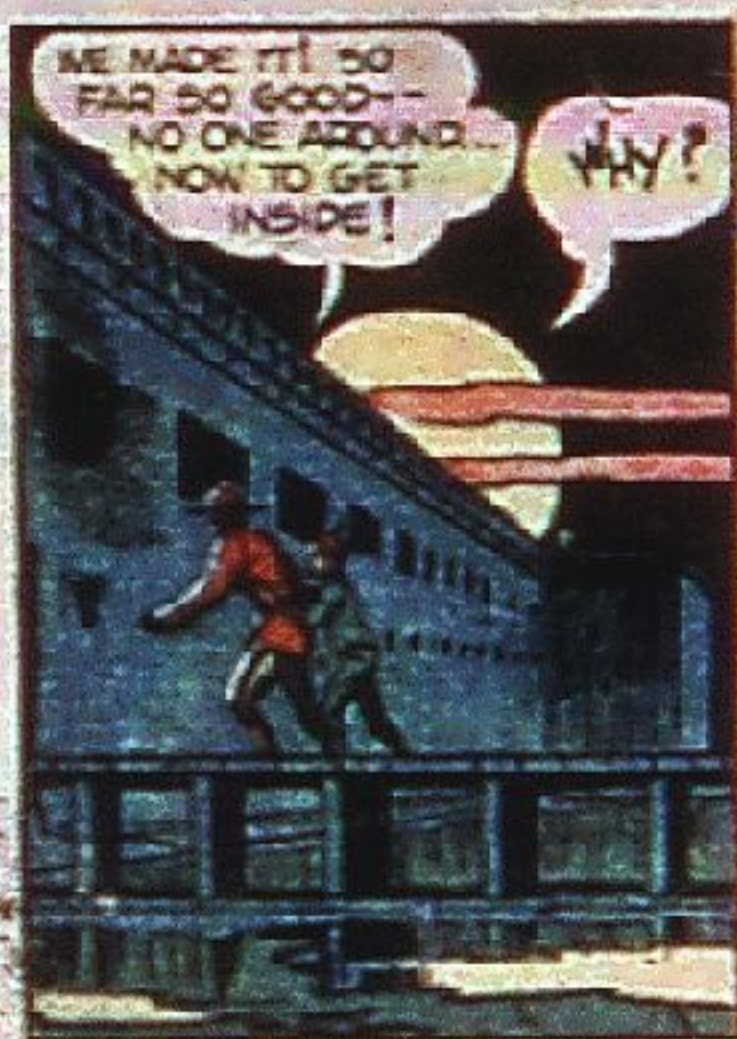
SERGEANT
MAKE-UM JOKE
BUT FLATFOOT
SEE LIGHT ON
WALL!

GREAT SCOT!
I SEE
IT NOW—
C'MON, PAL—
WED BETTER
LOOK INTO
THIS!

AS USUAL,
FLATFOOT
OPEN-UM BIG
MOUTH!
UGH—

THAT
NIGHT!







WITH POWERFUL STROKES HE
DODGES THE ONCOMING SHARK.



SHARK-UMS!
FLATFOOT'S
TRUSTED KNIFE
TAKE-UM
CADE OF
'EM!

MEANWHILE...

YOU WILL COME
SILENTLY WITH
US, MOUNTIE! SO SORRY
YOUR REDSKIN FRIEND
WILL BE GONE FOR
LONG TIME!

Ooo!! FLATFOOT
INSIDE
DUNGEON!



TOO BAD
SHARK-UM NOT
EAT-UM TONIGHT...
IF YOU'RE GOOD
FLATFOOT SEND-UM
FEW JAP SOLDIERS
FOR 'BIG
FEAST!



WHA-?



FLATFOOT LOST-
WAIT-UM!
DOOR AHEAD...
NOISE
SOUND
LIKE--

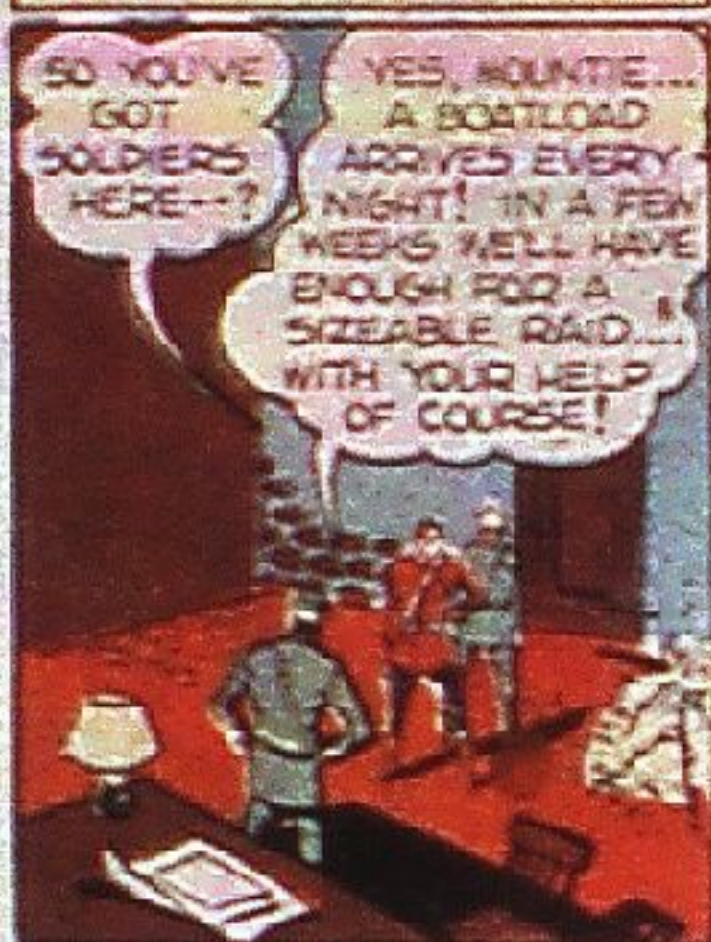


DUNGEON AIR
MAKE RADIO
MAN SLEEDY...
FLATFOOT
JUST IN TIME...



...TO PUT HIM TO
SLEEP FOR
LONG TIME!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FORT.



SO YOU'VE GOT SOLDIERS HERE--?

YES, MOUNTIE... A BOATLOAD ARRIVES EVERY NIGHT! IN A FEW WEEKS WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR A SIZEABLE RAID... WITH YOUR HELP OF COURSE!

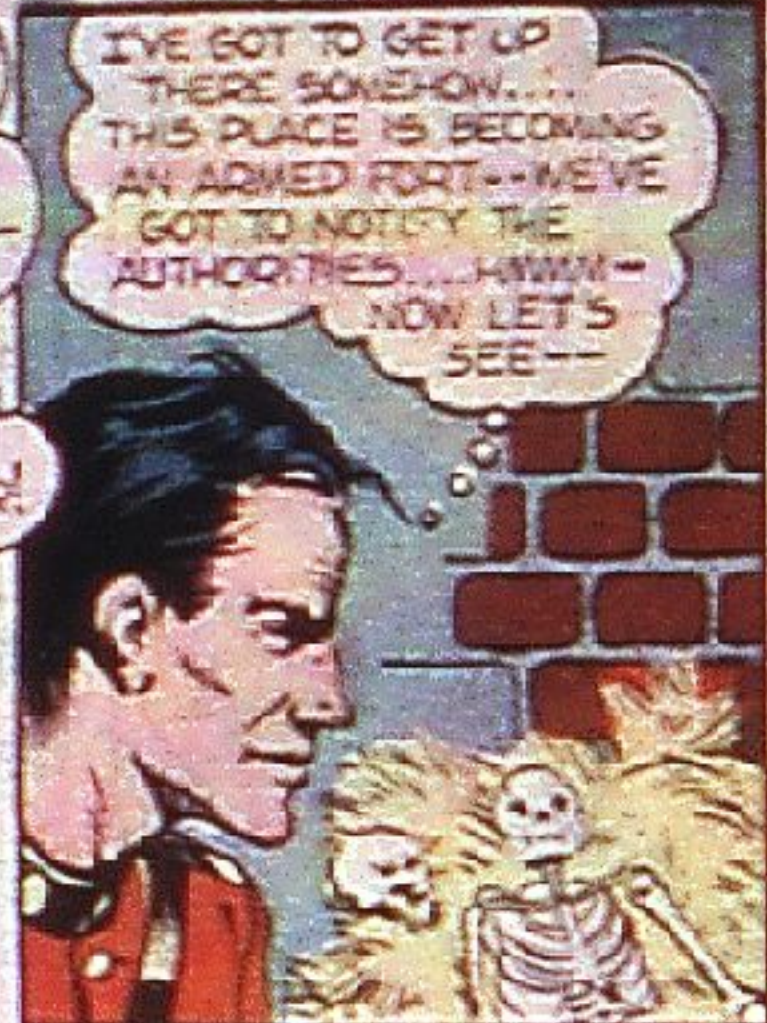


WRONG GUESS, SQUINTY! YOU'LL GET NOTHING!

THE SOLDIERS ARRIVE...

GOOD! I GO TO MEET THEM--WATCH OUR

FRIEND--WE'LL TEACH HIM TO SEE OUR WAY LATER!



I'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE SOMEHOW... THIS PLACE IS BECOMING AN ARMED FORT--WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES... HMM--NOW LET'S SEE--



UGH--!

WHAT IS?



THIS IS!

NOW FOR THE STAIRS!



OH--OH!

STOP!



I'LL NEED THAT GUN, DAD, TO SAY HELLO TO YOUR SUN-BROTHERS!



OUT ON THE WALL...

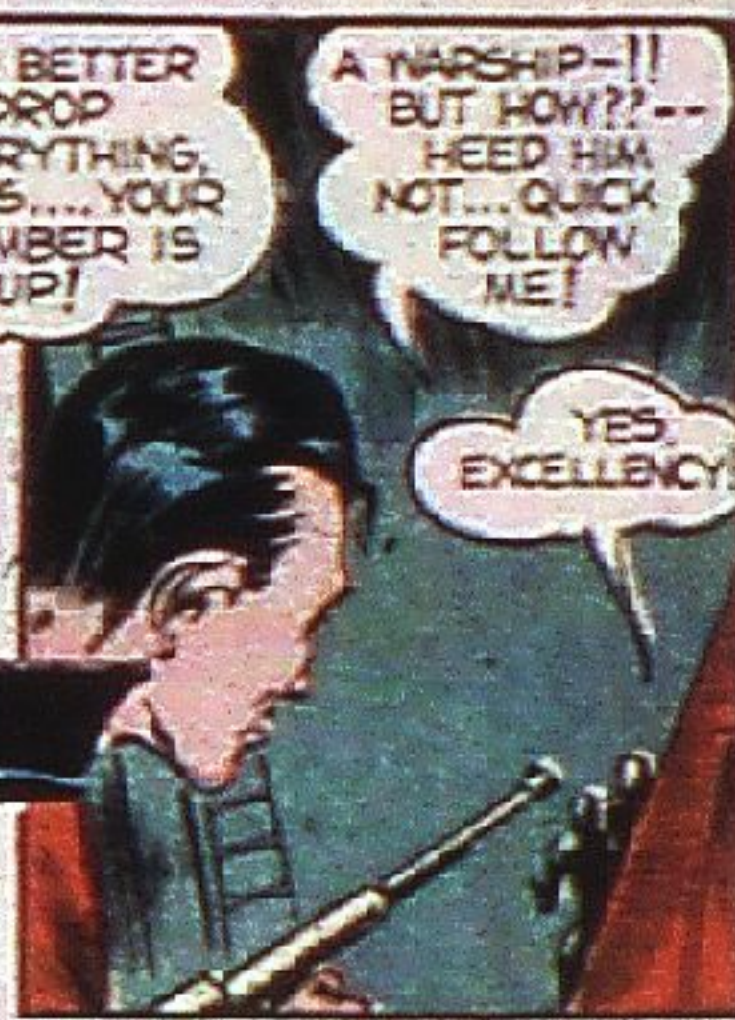
THEY'VE LANDED... COMING UP THIS WAY...



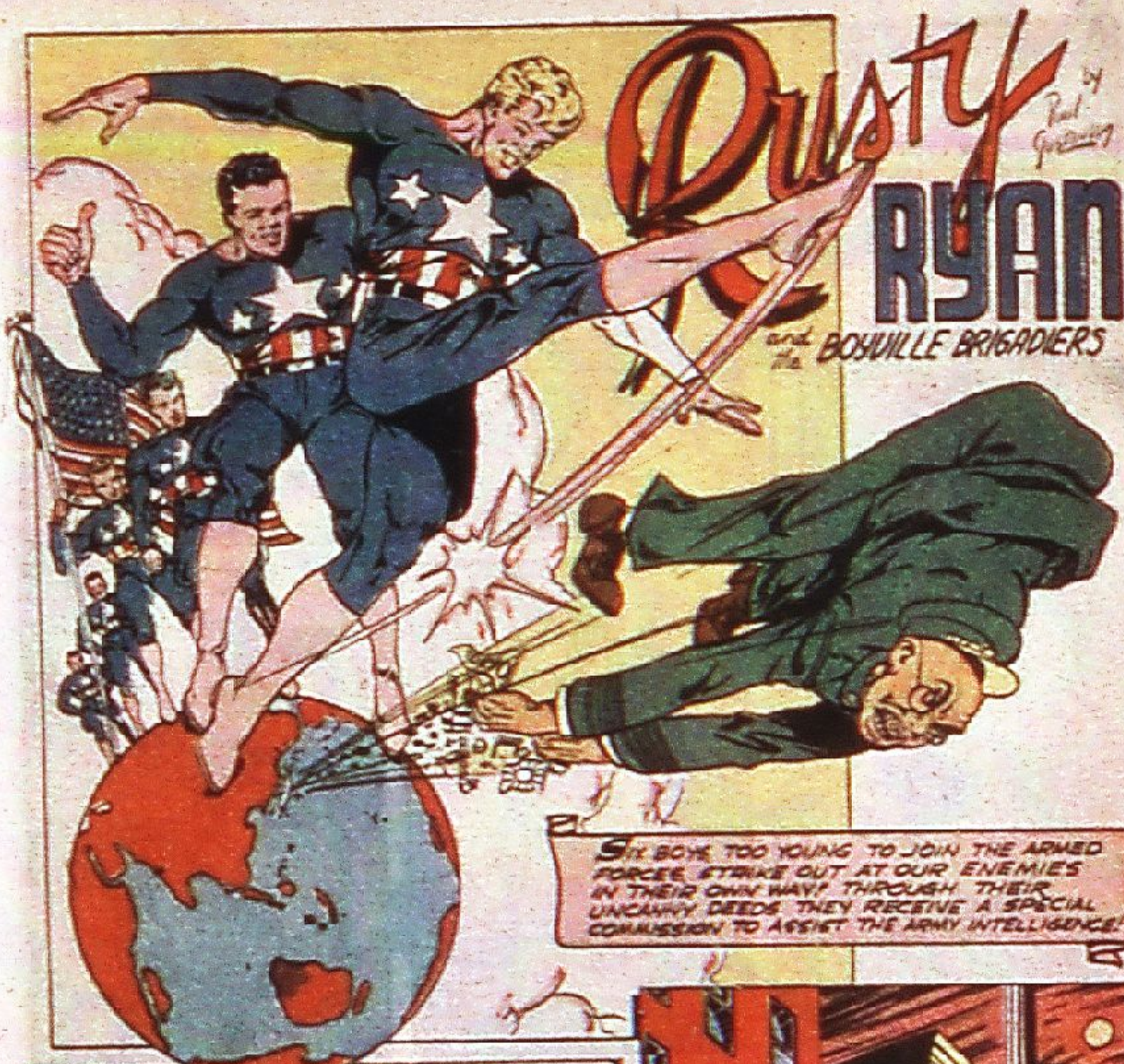
THIS IS IT!



SUDDENLY A DEAFENING ROAR FILLS THE FORT...



Are you following Blackhawk each month in MILITARY COMICS?



SIX BOYS TOO YOUNG TO JOIN THE ARMED FORCES STRIKE OUT AT OUR ENEMIES IN THEIR OWN WAY! THROUGH THEIR UNUSUAL DEEDS THEY RECEIVE A SPECIAL COMMISSION TO ASSIST THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE!





HEY! THERE'S THE OLD MAN WHO OWNS THIS PLACE!

GOGH! WHAT A MESS!



QUICK! "THE CHINESE DOLL" IS IN THE CELLAR! GET TO...

HURR! HEY!



HE... HE'S DEAD!



WOW! I WONDER HOW HE KNEW HE WANTED A CHINESE DOLL!



THAT CRY CAME FROM DOWN HERE IN THE CELLAR!

HEY... A GARAGE? I DON'T SEE ANY CHINESE DOLLS AROUND HERE!



RUSTY, LOOK OVER THERE! JAPS!



LET ME GO! HELP!!

"CHINESE DOLL" IS BEYOND HELP! NO USE TO YELL! NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU!!



DID YOU HEAR THAT? "THE CHINESE DOLL" IS THAT GIRL! CHON!

WHAT? SAY WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT ANYWAY?



HITS! STEP ON IT!



DUCK! THEY'RE MACHINE-GUNNING US!



WOW! THE WAY THINGS ARE HAPPENING "THE CHINESE DOLL" MUST MEAN A LOT MORE TO MAJOR WILSON THAN WE THOUGHT!





UH! THEY KNOW OF THE SECRET I CARRY! IF I COULD ONLY GET TO THE BOTTLE OF ACID IN MY SHOE I COULD DESTROY WHAT THEY WANT!



I'VE



SILENTLY RUSTY MOVES FROM BEHIND THE PLATON

SHHHH...
KLNHN

AS SOON AS I CUT THE STRAPS MAKE A BE- LINE FOR THE TUNNEL AND GET AS CLOSE TO THE WALL AS YOU CAN!



OKAY! START MOVING!!



"THE CHINESE DOLL" SHE IS RUNNING AWAY



FOOLS!
DON'T STAND THERE! GET AFTER HER!



MIND IF I GO FIRST!

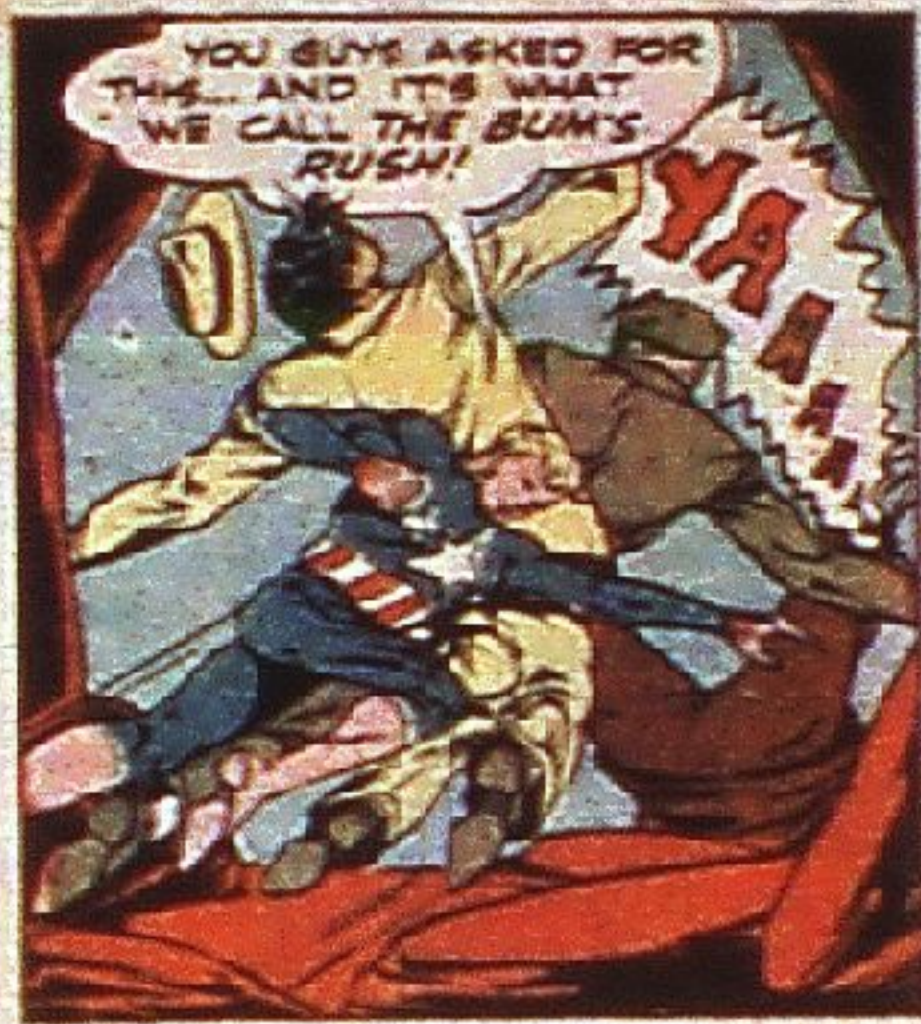


GET BACK IN THE SHADOWS... HERE THEY COME!



THEY ARE OUT OF THE CAVE ALL READY!





Another adventure of Rusty Ryan and The Boyville Brigadiers in the November issue.

THE GOD WHO TALKED

The long, racy cruiser sped up the Sepik river like an aquatic rabbit. It had reason to speed. From both shores of the river there came a constant shower of arrows and poison darts, deadly little devices of the Sepik head-hunters. None of the natives showed themselves, since they had tasted white man's rifle-fire on other occasions.

Perry Scott manned the helm in the bullet-proof cabin and argued with Spike Hendon, his chief officer. Spike was all for opening fire on the invisible snipers.

"Look, Perry," he said for the tenth time, "No use runnin' from these devils; give 'em a taste of hot lead an' they'll lay off us."

Perry shook his head. "No dice, Spike. They can't hurt us with their arrows—and we have to come out this way, you remember."

Spike grumbled but said no more about shooting head-hunters.

Perry fell to pondering their mission. Simpson had cabled him in Pandang a month before. Simpson owned one of the best gold mines in New Guinea, far up the Sepik river. For three months not a word had come out of the jungle from his company. Some thirty men were stationed at the mine, and it had been the rule to send a cable to Pandang every two weeks, reporting progress. Then came the Japanese invasion, and sudden silence had settled over the gold operations.

Simpson was afraid that his men had been murdered. "So if you'll undertake the job," he had cabled Perry, "I'll make it right with you. But something must be done."

And now Perry and his small crew were less than twenty miles from the Simpson mine. What would they find?

"Prob'ly the Japs mowed 'em

down," Spike hazarded. "They been mowin' everything else down in these parts."

"I somehow don't think so," Perry replied. "It looks suspicious, of course, but I just have a hunch it isn't Japs causing this silence."

By four o'clock in the evening, they were within sight of the mine workings. The natives had melted into their impenetrable jungles, and now Perry and a couple of the crew were on deck, with binoculars.

"Don't see a sign of anybody," Spike said.

It was almost dark when they moored the cruiser to the mine docks. There was an uncanny silence about the big mine that boded evil. Perry and three members of his crew armed themselves and stole ashore. No use taking chances. Blow-guns make no sound, and the tiniest scratch from a poisoned dart causes almost instant death.

The office was their first objective. The door stood open, and Perry and Spike entered. Perry snapped on his flash and shot the beam around the interior. It didn't look as if raiders had touched anything. An open ledger lay on the bookkeeper's desk. Perry glanced at the entries; the last ones were dated five weeks before.

The safe was untouched, as were the filing cases.

"Funny, eh?" said Perry. "They seem to have just vanished. I wonder what we'll find in the mine?"

"Let's go see," said Spike.

They followed the main entrance drift for a half a mile, seeing the great ledges of gold-bearing quartz. The stalls where the several mine mules had been kept were bare.

"Natives prob'ly ate 'em," said Spike laconically. "I ate a horse steak once; wasn't bad."

"Sssh!" Perry held up his hand for silence. He pointed into a dark side drift. "Heard something," he whispered. They entered the drift. It ran straight for several hundred yards, then made an abrupt turn to the right.

Suddenly both men heard the sound—a shout.

"Came from up ahead," said Perry. "Hurry, Spike."

But fifteen minutes passed before they came to the end of the drift, which opened into a natural volcanic crater several hundred yards across. A full moon looked down into the deep hole, lighting up the lava rock in silvery radiance.

"Don't see a thing," said Spike. "Sure makes a swell hiding place. Couldn't spot this hole even in a plane."

"Look!" Perry said, pointing. A shadow moved across the crater floor, some fifty yards from where they stood in the mouth of the drift. It halted, as if listening.

"Man or ghost?" Spike whispered.

"Man. One of our blow-gun lads."

"Maybe we'd better take a pot shot at him," Spike essayed.

Perry gripped Spike's arm. "We'll follow him."

The native had turned and was now making tracks across the volcano floor at a good clip. Perry and Spike fell in behind him, going as quietly as they could over the hard lava. But the native outdistanced them.

"Come on—" Perry's words had hardly issued from his lips when they heard distant shooting.

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"Say, that sounds like the boys are having some trouble," said Spike. "Maybe we'd better get back."

It took them forty-five minutes to reach the outlet of the main drift. They could see flashes of gunfire from the deck of the cruiser, and they heard the crew yelling.

"Don't see any natives," Spike said. "Where—"

"They're under cover, shooting their blow-guns. Look, there goes a wave of 'em for the ship!"

Spike unlimbered his rifle and began peppering the bunch. He yelled like a madman. Spike loved a fight.

Perry heard several softly sighing sounds, followed by thuds, as darts struck into the wood framework of the mine drift.

"Down, you big lug!" he said. "You're making a beautiful target."

Spike fell flat, and from a prone position drew a bead on a native running toward them. The little man screamed and toppled on his face.

"That's the way I like to see 'em flop!" gloated Spike. "Come on, you apes!"

Perry had fired only once. He had the feeling that their backs were exposed too much: what was to stop other natives from creeping up on them from behind? He told Spike so.

"You cover the rear," said Spike. "I'll handle these babies out here!"

As Perry turned toward the mine entrance, he caught the shadow of a blow-gun. With a shout he leaped toward the native crouching in the darkness. He got both hands about the man's throat.

"Now," he whispered in the native dialect, "you'd better talk! Where are the miners hidden? What have you done with them?"

The man sputtered and blubbered for a moment after Perry released his throat.

"Me don' know," he got out.

Perry held a big automatic at his head. "Maybe this will jar your memory. Talk!"

"They back in big crater. Gods say no more white man tak' gold."

"Ah, so that's it!" said Perry. "All right, you, I think you're telling the truth. You'll lead us to them."

The firing had died out, and from Spike's conversation it was evident the natives had been scared off.

"We drove the blighters back in the woodwork!" chuckled Spike, blowing through the smoking barrel of his rifle. "Didn't last long enough for me!"

Perry had tied up the native, who lay on the floor of the entrance. Now he pointed to him. "Just grabbed this lad as he was drawing a bead on us," he said. "Pumped him, and he spilled the whereabouts of the miners."

"Good," said Spike. "What do we do with him?"

"He's going to lead us to the men . . . but I think we'd better wait till morning."

They put the captured native in one of the cabins.

In the morning they set out for the volcano. Toko, the Sepik native, led the way. Behind him came Perry, Spike and Ranny, who was handy with the rifle. They reached the crater just as the sun came up. Heavy mists rose like ghosts from the depths of the great hole, obliterating everything.

"We'll have to wait for that to clear," Perry said. "It'll lift fast with the sun beating it."

Then Perry got a sudden idea. "I'm going to take advantage of these mists," he said, "and pull a

fast one. Be back in a while."

He carried a small black box. Its mate, which he had carried along from the ship, reposed in the mouth of the drift.

Perry returned in fifteen minutes, just as the mists were thinning. Now it was possible to see some natives going about the business of breakfasting. In the center of the crater stood a tall, grotesque looking god.

As the mists cleared away, it was apparent that several hundred natives occupied the crater. Impossible to rush them.

"Wait," said Perry. "If my idea works, we won't have to rush 'em."

The natives all arose as the sun came up higher. Then they saluted before their god, chanting some ancient prayer.

Perry went to the little black box, opened it and turned some dials. "Listen!"

Suddenly from the god issued loud words in the Sepik dialect:

"People of the River, the great god Angkrol say to you, 'Restore white men to mine. It is theirs. Let them work it in peace, as they are your friends.' It is my word."

The natives went berserk for a moment, then a semblance of order was restored. In a moment the miners were brought out of caves and started on their way toward the main mine entrance. On the way, Perry explained his trick. He had simply placed a radio receiver, with amplifier, in the god, and broadcast in Sepik.

"I'd never have thought of it," Spike grinned.

Perry grinned back. "Who's the brains of this outfit, anyway?"



HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

I'VE GOT A BAD TOOTH IN FRONT THAT'S LOOSE - MAYBE I SHOULD GO TO THE DENTIST WITH YOU!

SURE, DAD! I'M JUST GOING FOR A CHECK-UP!

COME LATER, I'LL GET YOU AN APPOINTMENT RIGHT AFTER LUNCH!

NO, THANKS - IT DON'T HURT MUCH! I'LL STOP BY AND PICK YOU UP THOUGH...

POP'S SO SCARED OF A DENTIST'S CHAIR THAT I'LL NEVER GET HIM INTO ONE - BUT I'LL THINK OF SOME WAY TO HAVE DR. HUBBARD TAKE CARE OF THAT TOOTH!

HELLO, BETTY, MY FATHER WILL BE IN AFTER ME TO SEE THE DOCTOR - BUT HE'LL ONLY STAY A MINUTE!

HEY, DOC - MY DAD THINKS YOU'RE A BUM!

HE DOES? WHY?

HE SAYS YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

WHAT'S HE SORE ABOUT?

HE CLAIMS THAT AS A DENTIST, YOU'RE A GOOD BLACKSMITH!

WELL, IT SEEMS YOUR TEETH ARE OKAY, JUNIOR.

THAT'S GOOD, BUT POP SAYS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW A BAD TOOTH IF YOU SAW ONE!

HERE COMES PAPPY NOW!

GOOD! LET HIM IN!

HELLO CLINTON, I-----

OH- YES?

- BUT POP, I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU OUT!

SAMAR

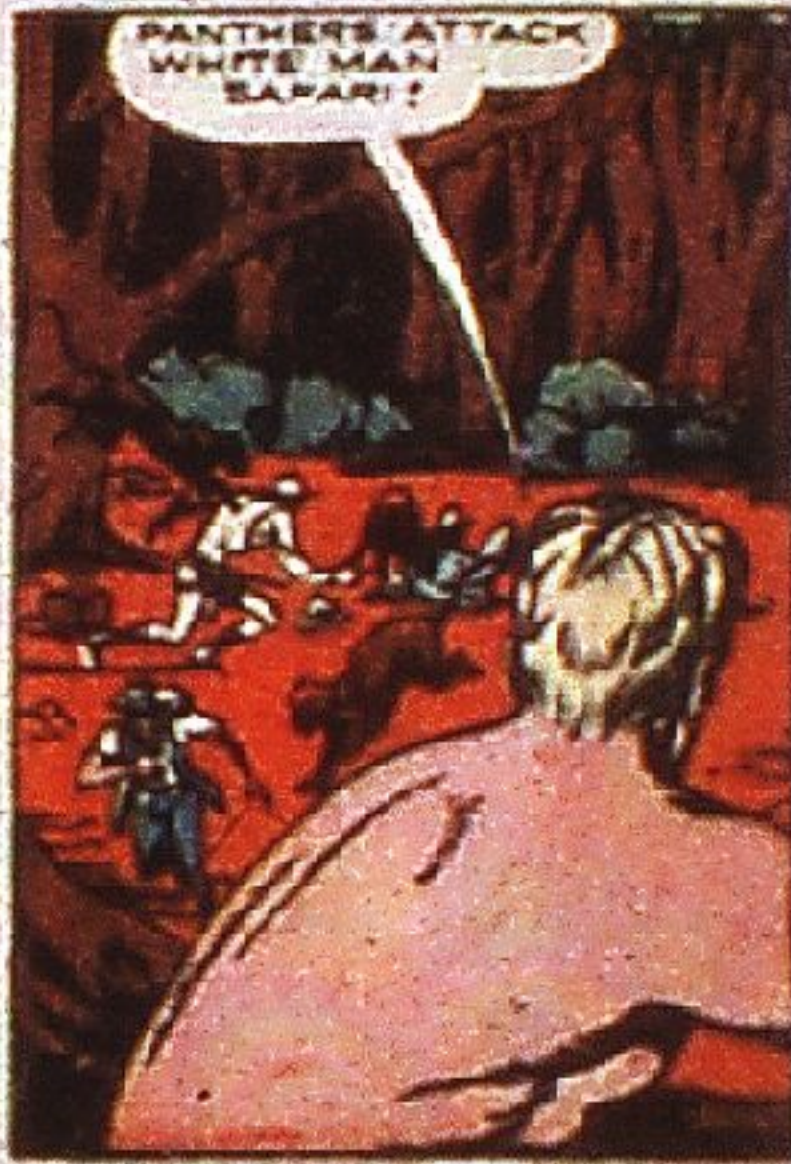
THE WILD ANIMALS ARE NOT THE ONLY DANGEROUS ELEMENTS INHABITING THE JUNGLE... TREACHERY IN THE GUISE OF HUMANS ALSO STALKS THE WILDERNESS. BUT ALL EVIL HAS TO CONTEND WITH SAMAR, PROTECTOR OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS.



SAMAR RESTS PEACEFULLY IN A JUNGLE TREE, WHEN SUDDENLY...



PANTHERS ATTACK WHITE MAN SAFARI!





BUT JUST AS THE ANIMAL IS ABOUT TO LEAP, THE JAMMED GUN FIRES.



YOU SAVE SAMAR'S LIFE, FRIEND? IS THERE SOME WAY SAMAR CAN REPAY GREAT DEBT?

YES, YOU COULD... TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE WASI-WAGI TRIBE. WERE ON AN EXPEDITION SENT TO STUDY THEIR CUSTOMS.



THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK...



WASI-WAGI CHIEF MY FRIEND... LIVE ON HIGH MOUNTAIN... SAMAR WILL LEAD THE WAY!



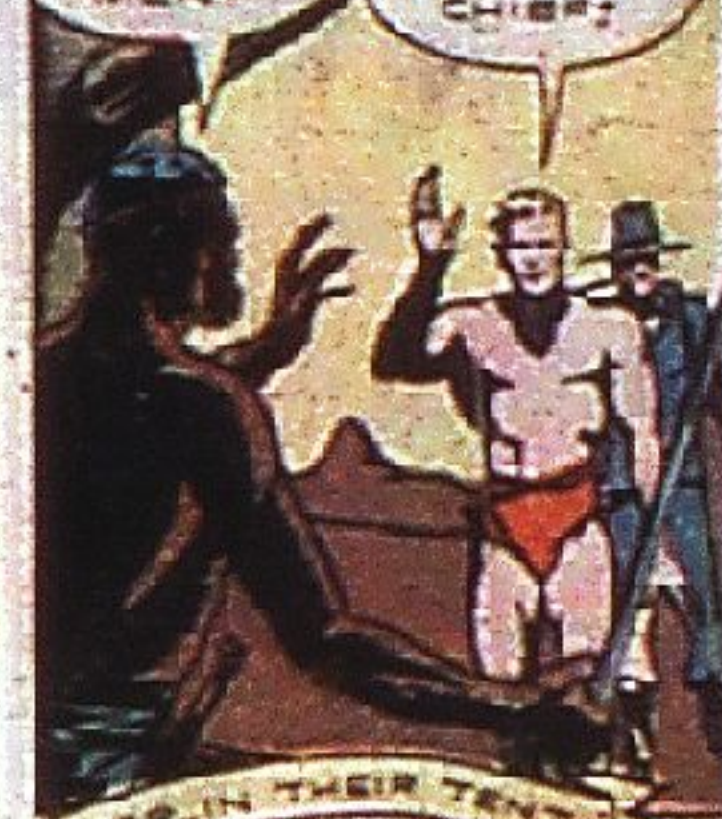
YOU FOOL! THAT CAT MIGHT HAVE TORN YOU TO SHREDS! IMAGINE RISKING YOUR NECK FOR SOME WILD MAN!

I HAD TO DO IT!



SAMAR WELCOME! WHO ARE WHITE MEN?

THEY ARE SAMAR'S FRIENDS, OH GREAT CHIEF!



LATER IN THEIR TENT...

WASI-WAGI PEOPLE TRUST SAMAR... TRUST FRIENDS... WELCOME!

THANKS, CHIEF!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE TRIBAL CELEBRATION GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE VISITORS...

HEY, JOE, LOOK! THOSE NATIVES ARE CARRYING GOLD OUT OF THAT TEMPLE!



SHH... TONY'S ASLEEP... CHON... WE'RE GOING! AFTER THAT GOLD!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!





THOSE NATIVES ARE OUR FRIENDS... WE CAN'T... ONLY...

YOU HEAR TOO MUCH... BETTER GO BACK TO SLEEP!



C'MON! LET'S GET THAT STUFF AND BEAT IT!



WHITE MEN WALK IN NIGHT? SOMETHING WRONG... I FOLLOW!



THEY GO IN TEMPLE!

CUT IT OUT! YOU JUST GOT 'THE WILLIES'!



FILL YOUR POCKETE FAST... WE GOTTA...

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER!

STOP! WHITE MAN THIEF! STEAL!



SHOT UP, SISTER, OR I'LL HAVE TO PLUG YOU!



WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE HER ALONG. SHE'LL MAKE GOOD PROTECTION, IF THE CHIEF COMES AFTER US!



SOON... HEY! WE'RE GOIN' AROUND IN CIRCLES! WE'RE LOST! O.K., LADY, LEAD THE WAY TO THE RIVER OR ELSE!



WHITE MAN STUPID! LEAD WAY, BUT I LEAVE SYMBOLS ON TREES FOR WASH-WASH WARRIORS TO SEE!



More adventures of Samar in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

of the

NAVAL AIR CORPS

By
Rex
Smith



THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER ON WHICH SPIN SHAW IS STATIONED, LIES OFF A TROPIC ISLAND. ON BOARD IS SATOUCHE, THE FRENCH GOVERNOR.

"GOLD! BARRICKS HITLER, WE MUST HAVE MORE GOLD! GOLD! RASPE GOESBELS. 'THE REICH MUST HAVE GOLD OR WE ARE LOST!' AND THE NAZI FIFTH COLUMN GET THEIR ORDERS TO DELIVER IT... YES... DELIVER IT ALL COSTS. BUT SPIN SHAW GETS WIND OF THE NAZI DILEMMA AND VOWS TO STOP THE BLOOD CRAZED HUNS EVEN IF IT MEANS DEATH FOR HIM - SELF!"



CAPTAIN SHAW, WE CONSIDER THE UNITED STATES A VEREE CLOSE FRIEND OF OUR COUNTRY. DEES VISIT OF HER NAVY TO OUR ISLAND GEEVS US THE GREATEST PLEASURE!



SUDDENLY

IT IS RUMORED THAT THE FRENCH ADMINISTRATION ON THE ISLAND WILL TURN THE GOLD RESERVE OVER TO THE NAZIS AND

POOH! POOH! SUCH NON-SENSE ON THE RADIO! SUCH STORIES ARE RIDICULOUS!





AU REVOIR, CAPTAIN SHAW! I HAVE SO MUCH ENJOYED THESS VISIT!

GOODBYE, GOVERNOR!



MEANWHILE ON THE ISLAND, THE GOLD IS BEING REMOVED FROM A CACHE IN THE HILLS.



I WISH DIS CHOB WAS OVER! I FEEL UNEASY SOMEHOW!



WELL, IT TAKES TIME TO CARRY ALL DAT GOLD DOWN TO DER PLANE IN DER VALLEY!



A PEASANT GIRL SEES THE MEN AT WORK.

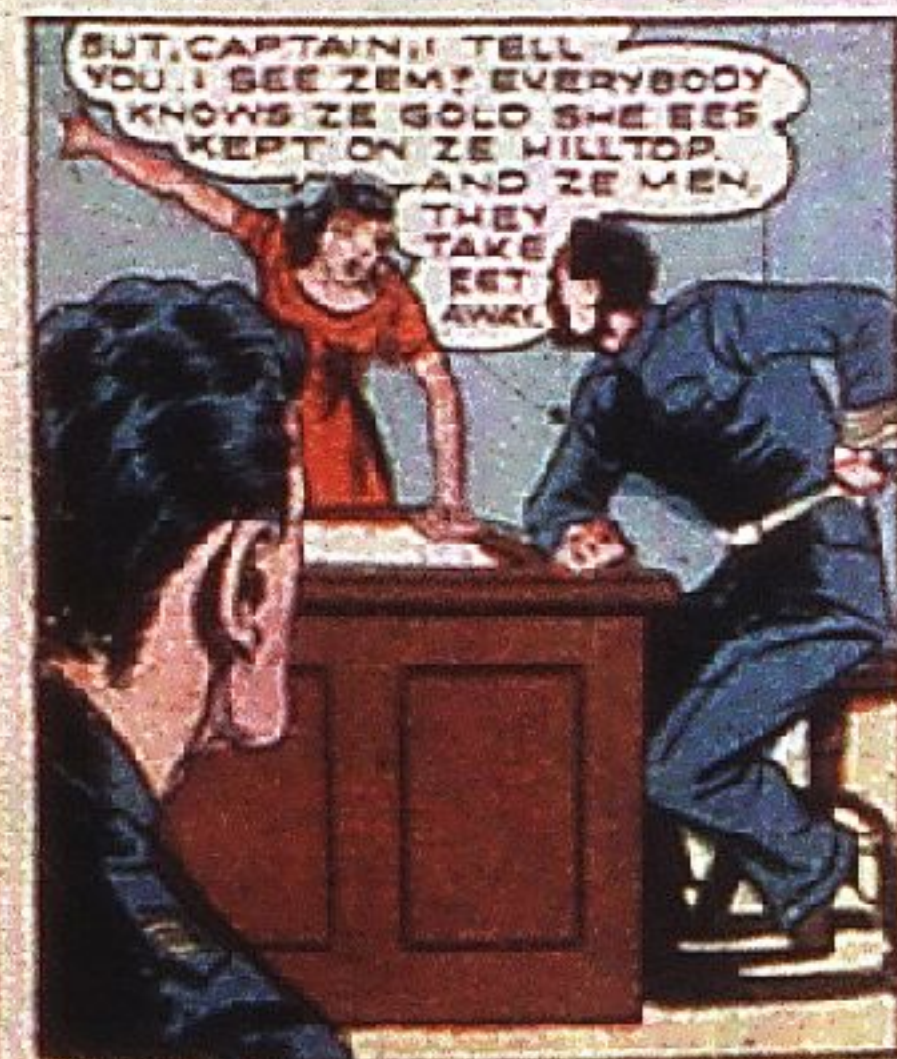
I WONDER WHAT ZOSE MEN ARE CARRYING?



WHY? ZAT MUST BE ZE GOLD PAPA SAY ZE GOVERNMENT WILL GIVE TO ZE NAZI PIGS!



ZE AMERICAN SHIP, MAYBE IF I TELL ZEM, ZEY DO SOMETHING!



BUT, CAPTAIN! I TELL YOU, I SEE ZEM! EVERYBODY KNOWS ZE GOLD SHE SEES KEPT ON ZE HILLTOP, AND ZE MEN, THEY TAKE EST AWAY!



YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, CHILD. THEY WERE PROBABLY MOVING SOMETHING ELSE!



I'M NOT SO SURE THE SKIPPER IS RIGHT! THAT GIRL MAY KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT!





SOON, SPIN IS CLOSING IN
ON THE NAZIS.



DOTS DER
AMERIKANER!
OPEN FIRE
ON HIM!

SO THEY
WANT A
FIGHT,
EH? IT
TAKES
TWO TO
PLAY
THAT
GAME!



MOVING STEADILY OUT TO
SEA, THE TWO PLANES
CARRY ON A RUNNING
DOG FIGHT.



ZE GOVERNOR
HAS BEEN
SHOT!



CHANCE TAKES THE PLANES OVER THE
AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, AND
THEN SPIN CATCHES THE NAZI CRAFT
DEAD IN HIS SIGHTS.



HERE
SHE
GOES!



THE DOOMED PLANE
CRASHES ON THE
DECK OF THE
CARRIER.



YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, THE GIRL
WAS RIGHT. THE PLANES
FULL OF GOLD, AND THE
GOVERNOR WAS IN
CHARGE OF THE
WHOLE OPERATION!



WELL, THE
GOVERNOR'S
TRICK CERTAINLY
BACKFIRED
ON HIM!

WELL, MARIE, YOU SAVED THE
UNITED NATIONS A LOT OF
GRIEF IN TIPPING US OFF
ON THAT GOLD
SHIPMENT!

IT WAS GOOD
TO HELP,
CAPTAIN
SHAW!



Follow Spin Shaw in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 25th.

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THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



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BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsie's are fun! for brains too!



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